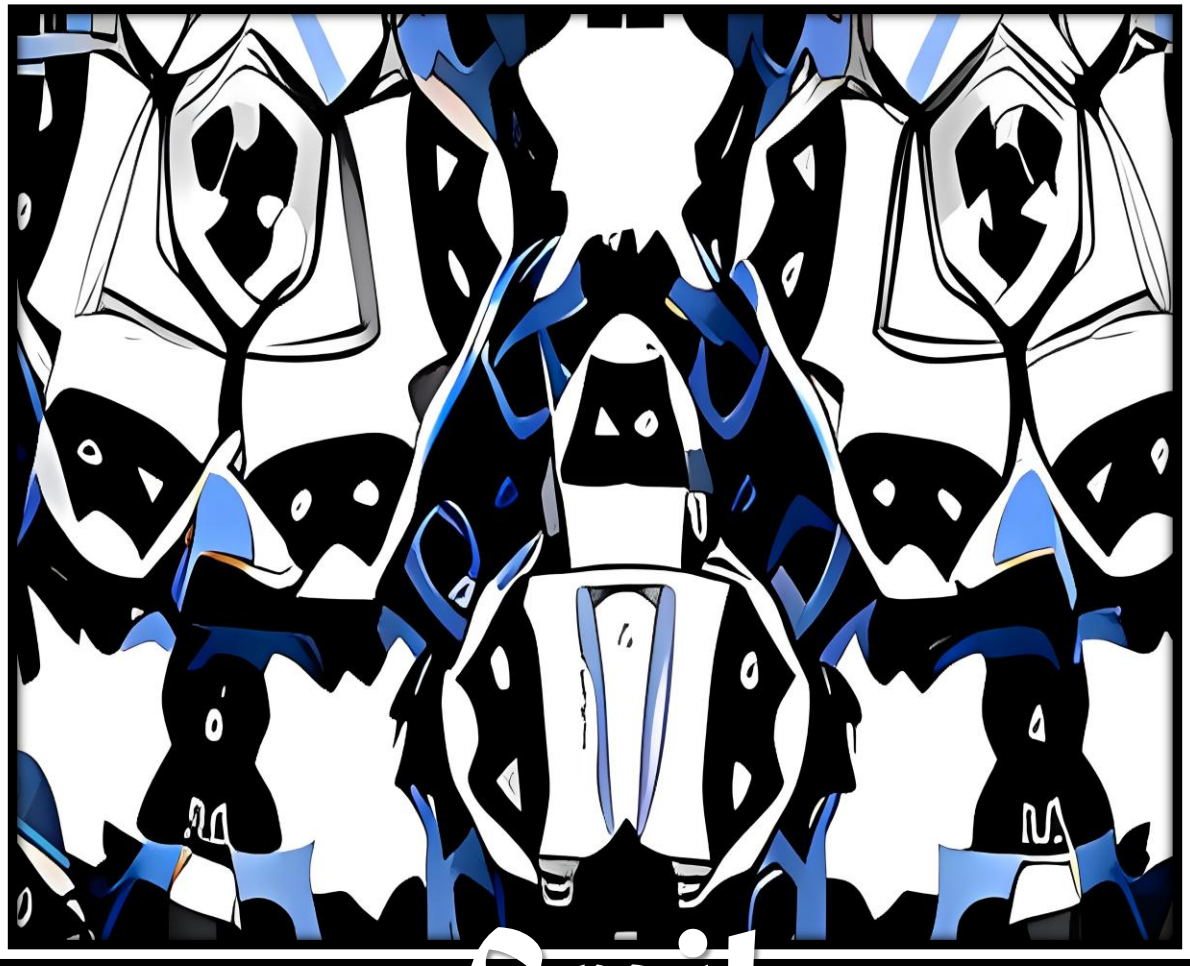
RIDING OUT THE END OF THE WORLD

PART FOUR



Emil

GIOVANNI METRO STOP GALLERY
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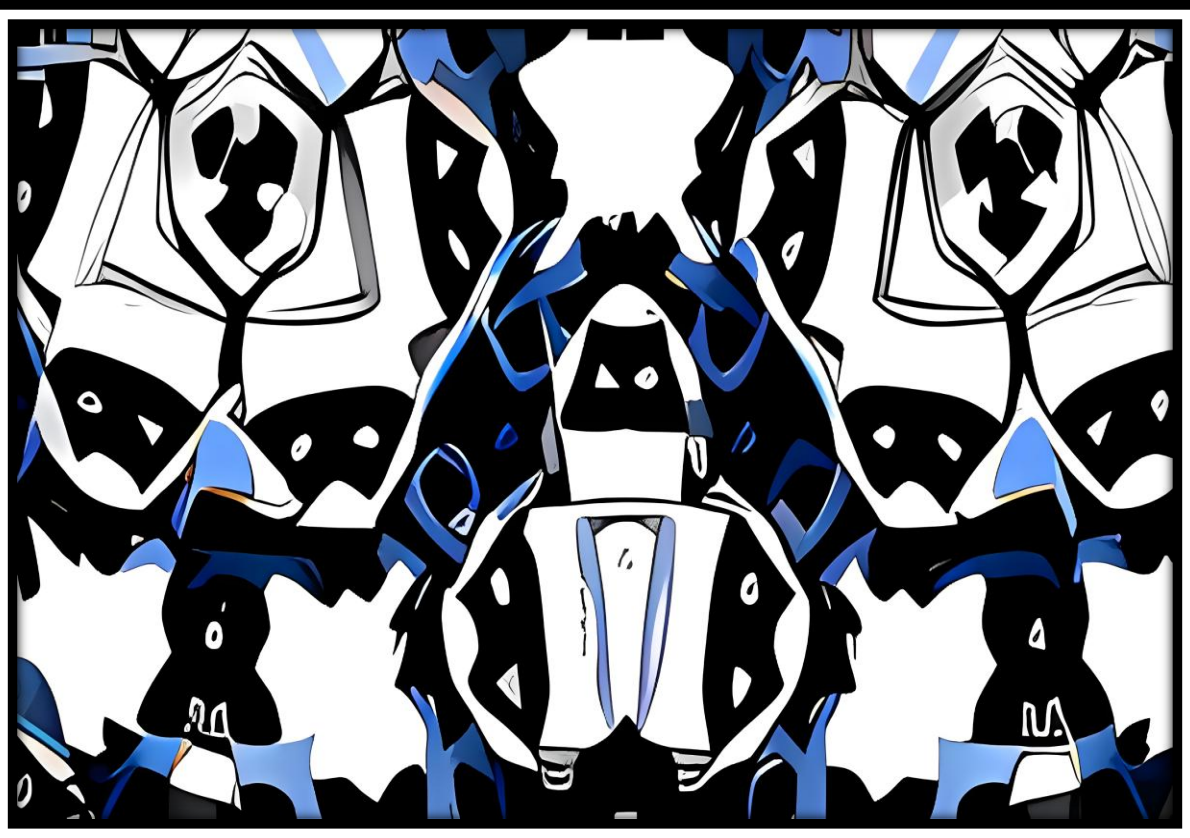
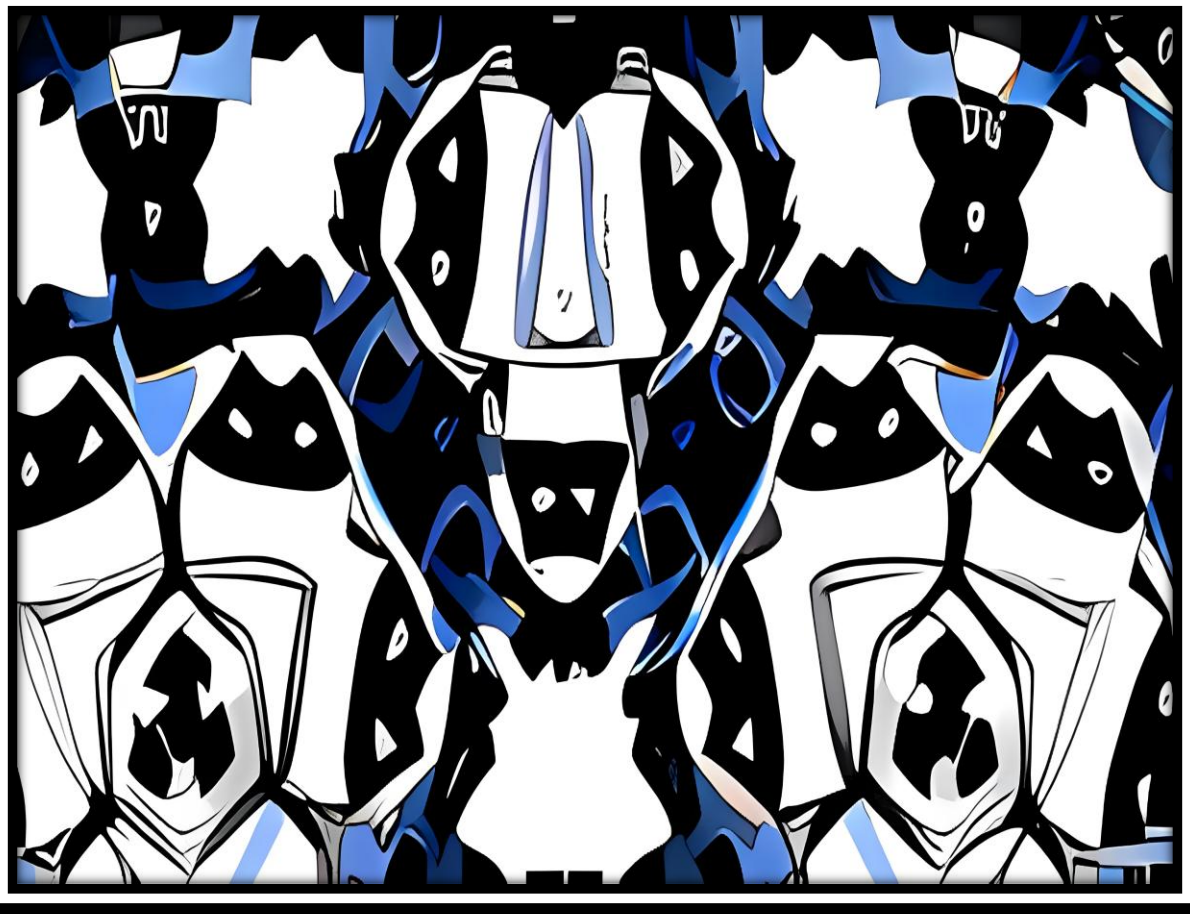
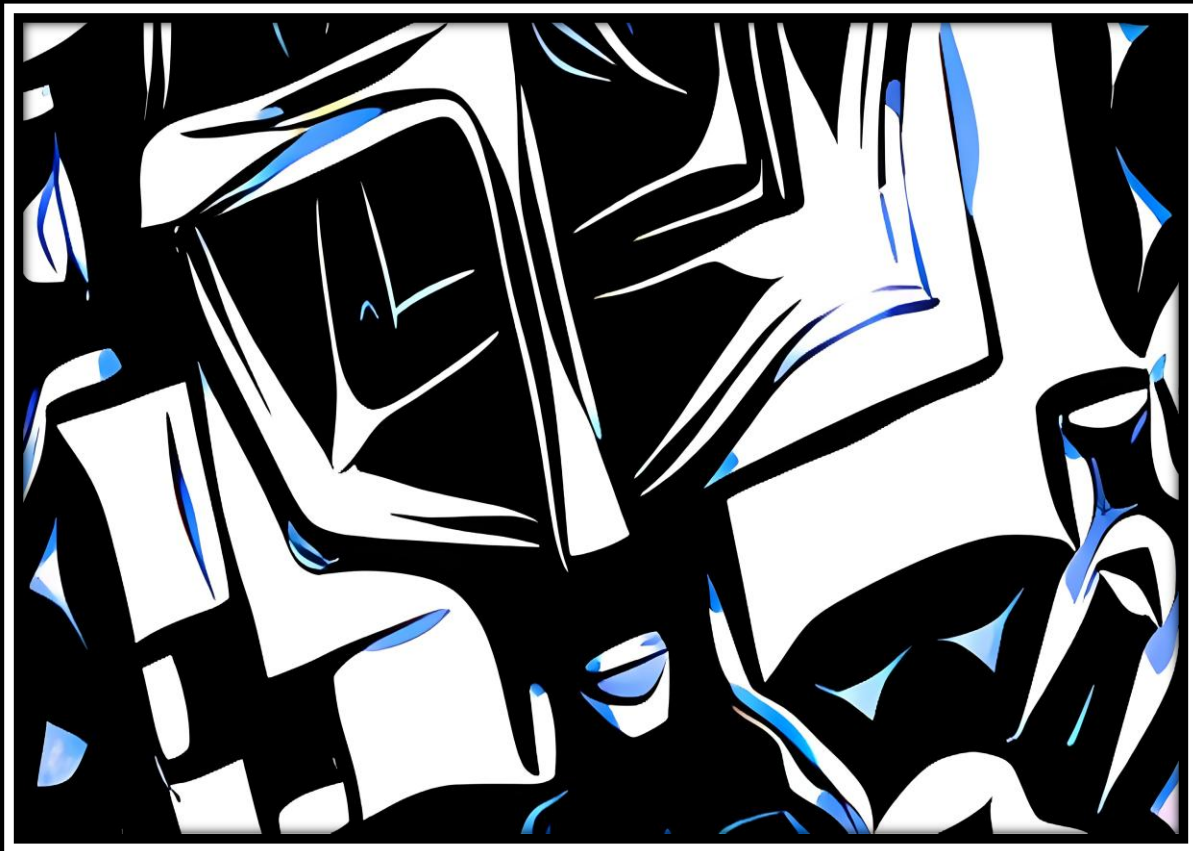






"Without Freedom of Speech, I might be buried in the swamp..."

- Bobby Dylan 1964

PART FOUR

Certainly, I would never rely on mere conjecture or instinct; my commitment is to convey the truth. Therefore, I will return to the themes I initially explored in my Vlog discussions.

Over the past few months, I have found myself increasingly unsettled by the number of unfamiliar individuals who have approached me.

Their unexpected interactions have sparked a range of emotions and reflections, prompting me to consider the implications of these encounters.

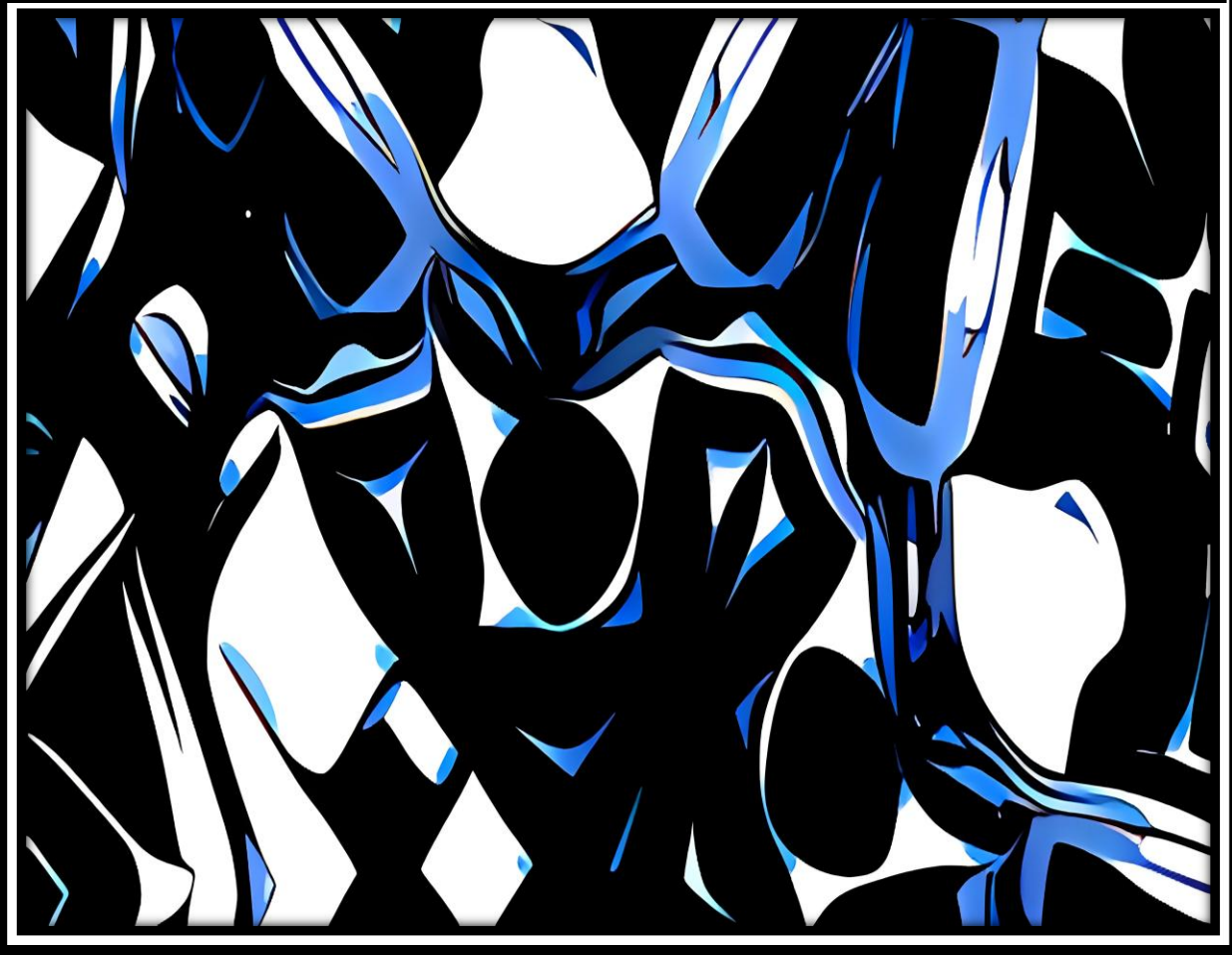
It is not just the frequency of these

interactions that troubles me, but also the nature of the conversations and the insights they reveal about our society and the connections we forge with one another.

In the world of seasoned Hoboism, one learns the importance of vigilance and the sharpening of one's Hobo Senses when encountering unfamiliar faces.

These strangers could potentially belong to the notorious band of mercenaries from the Bill Collector Grill, who are on a mission to reclaim long-forgotten debts associated with AOL accounts.

Even more concerning, they might be undercover agents from the FBI or other similarly named intelligence



agencies, on the lookout for unsuspecting individuals to ensnare in their web of illegal activities. These agents often orchestrate elaborate schemes, only to later showcase their successes in apprehending those they have manipulated, all in the name of demonstrating their effectiveness in upholding the law.

Thus, it is crucial for anyone navigating this unpredictable landscape to remain alert and discerning, as the consequences of a misstep could be dire.

The Hobo Codex reveals a stark truth about our world: it is a tumultuous environment where even the most virtuous individuals and the most

welcoming places can quickly find themselves stripped of their joy and warmth. In this chaotic landscape, the simple pleasures—those metaphorical "sunshine, lollipops, and rainbows"—are often snatched away without so much as a kind word or a gentle warning.

The harsh reality is that gratitude seems to be in short supply, leaving many to navigate a life that feels increasingly devoid of appreciation and kindness.

This unsettling dynamic serves as a reminder of the fragility of positivity in a world that can be overwhelmingly indifferent.

Campers, heed the wisdom of the ancient Hobo Codex, which warns us

of the harsh realities of the world we inhabit.

It suggests that mere smiles are insufficient for survival; in fact, they can lead to dire consequences such as violence, theft, and betrayal.

The Codex emphasizes that, in this unforgiving landscape, money reigns supreme—cash is the ultimate ruler, a necessity for navigating life's challenges.

This stark reminder serves as a cautionary tale, hinting at a future where the return of the Reptilian Overlords may bring about a new order, one where social credit scores could dictate our worth in society.

As we venture forth, let us remain vigilant and prepared, for the world

outside is fraught with peril, and only those who understand its complexities will thrive.

How accurate that sentiment is! These profound words have been passed down through countless generations, retaining their significance just as powerfully as they did during the tumultuous times of ancient Rome.

This was an era marked by the overthrow of the frail and aging Julius Nepos, who was usurped by Romulus Augustus.

However, the latter's reign was short-lived, as he too was ousted during the Odoacer Revolt.

This uprising sought to revive the ideals of the old Republic, rallying

behind a battle cry that, when translated from the Latin of that time, echoed the sentiment of "Make Rome Great Again!"

Such historical echoes remind us that the struggles for power and the yearning for a return to former glory are timeless themes that resonate through the ages.

History has a peculiar way of echoing through time, much like the relentless reruns of VH1's "Movements of Rock History" that grace our screens during the late-night hours.

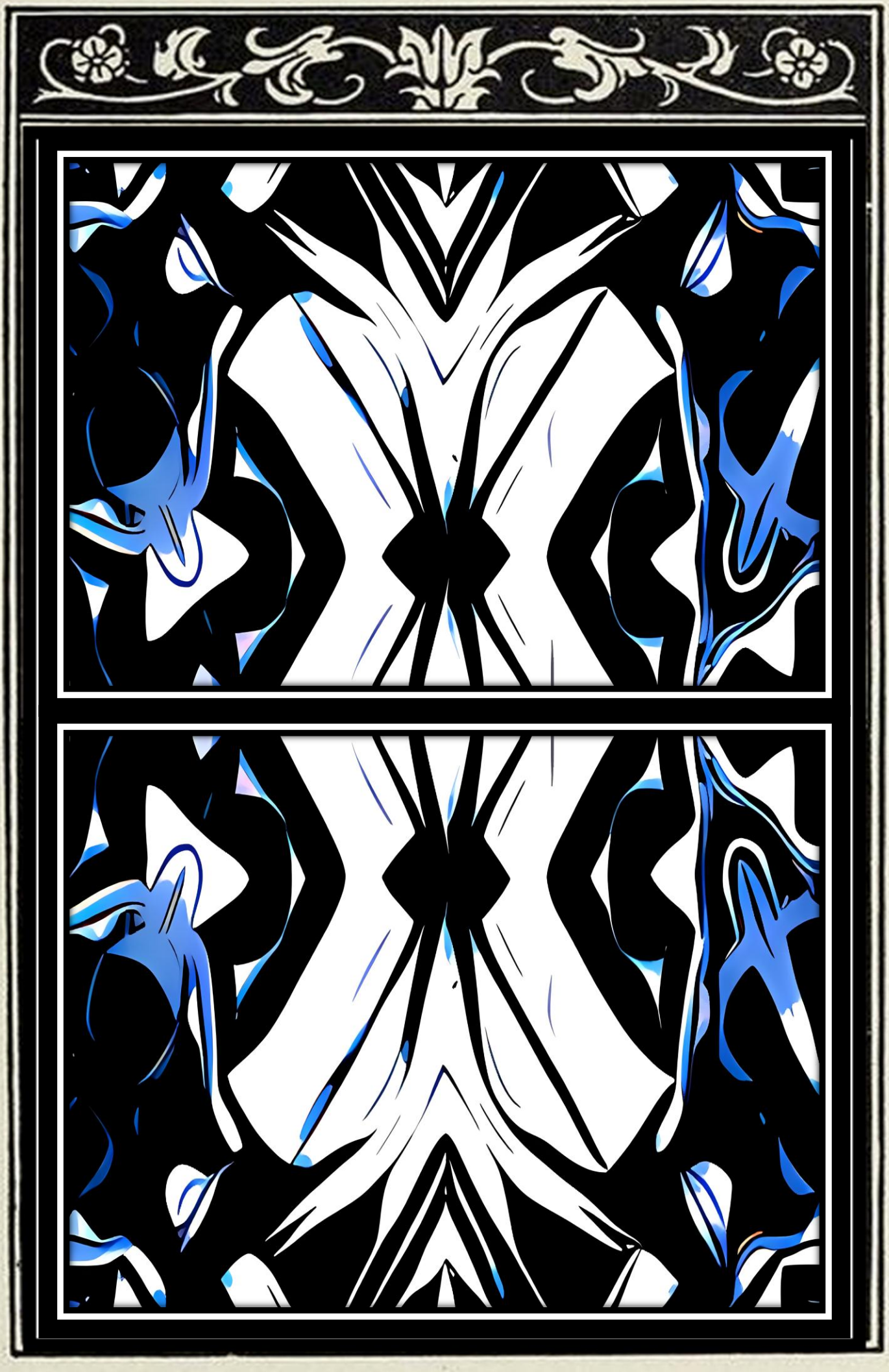
This cyclical nature of events draws a striking parallel to the landscape of the United States in the early 2020s, a period marked by social upheaval

and cultural shifts that can be both fascinating and unsettling.
The similarities are almost eerie, as we witness the resurgence of old conflicts and the re-emergence of ideas that once seemed relegated to the past.
It prompts a reflection on how the lessons of history often go unheeded, leaving us to grapple with the same challenges and dilemmas that have shaped societies before us.
The interplay of past and present serves as a reminder of the importance of understanding our history, lest we find ourselves trapped in a cycle that feels all too familiar.
I will refrain from elaborating

further, as I am committed to adhering to my Jesuit principle of Truth, which compels me to distance myself from feelings of anger. Instead, my focus is on illuminating the genuine truths for all those impacted by the insidious influences of the World Economic Forum's Corporate Congress.

It is essential to recognize the profound effects these entities have on society, and my aim is to foster understanding and awareness among those who may be unaware of the manipulative tactics employed by such organizations.

By prioritizing enlightenment over resentment, I hope to empower individuals to see beyond the surface

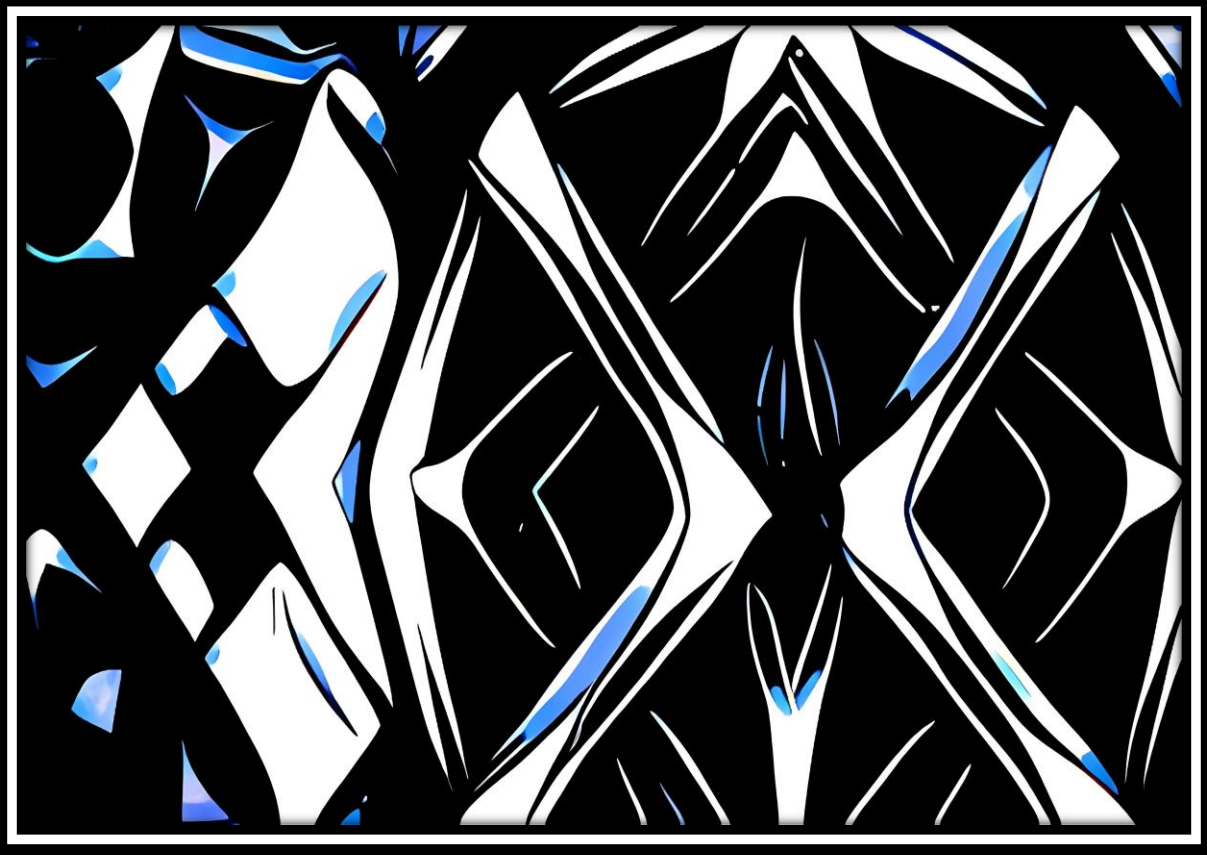


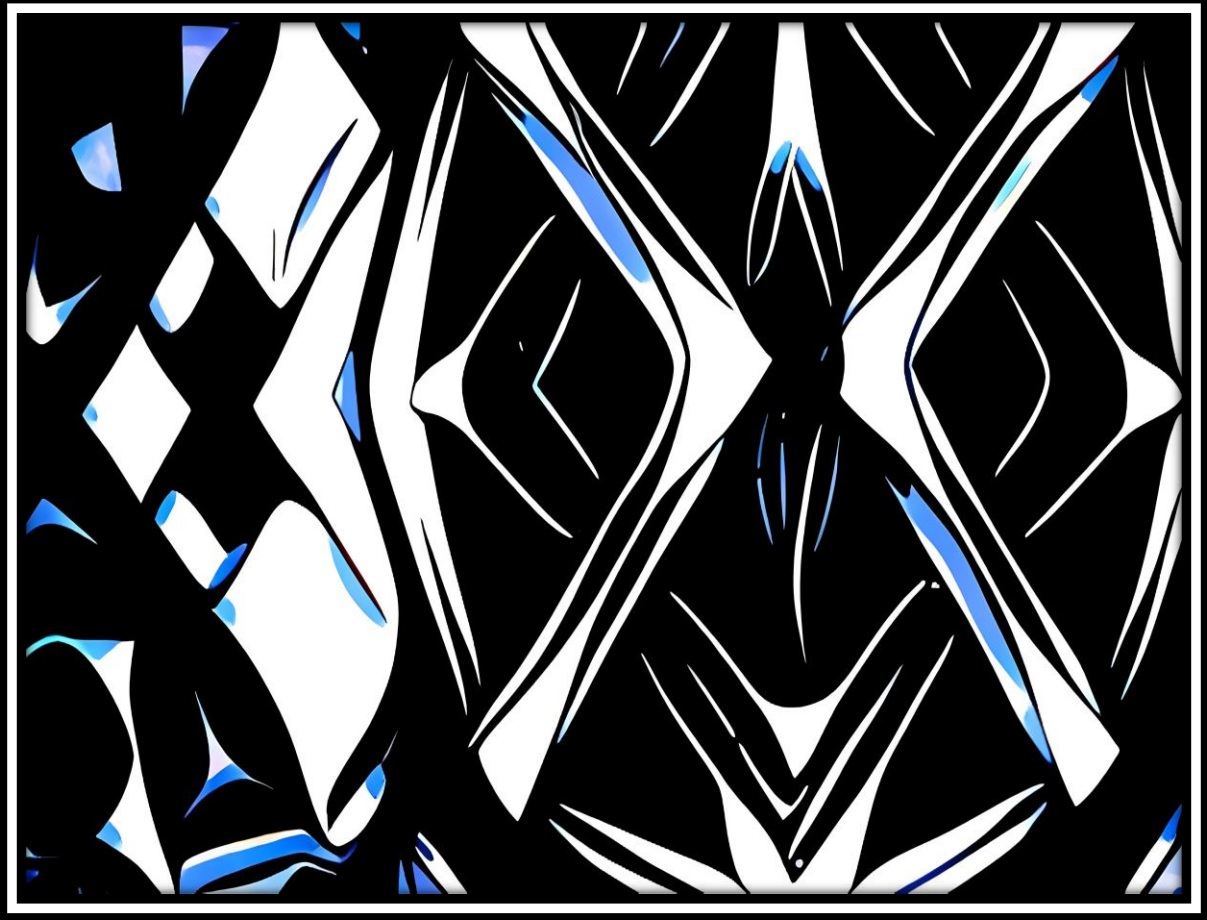
and grasp the realities that lie beneath the actions of these so-called "demon agents."

In these challenging times, there is a prevailing sense of isolation among us, as we find ourselves dwindling in numbers.

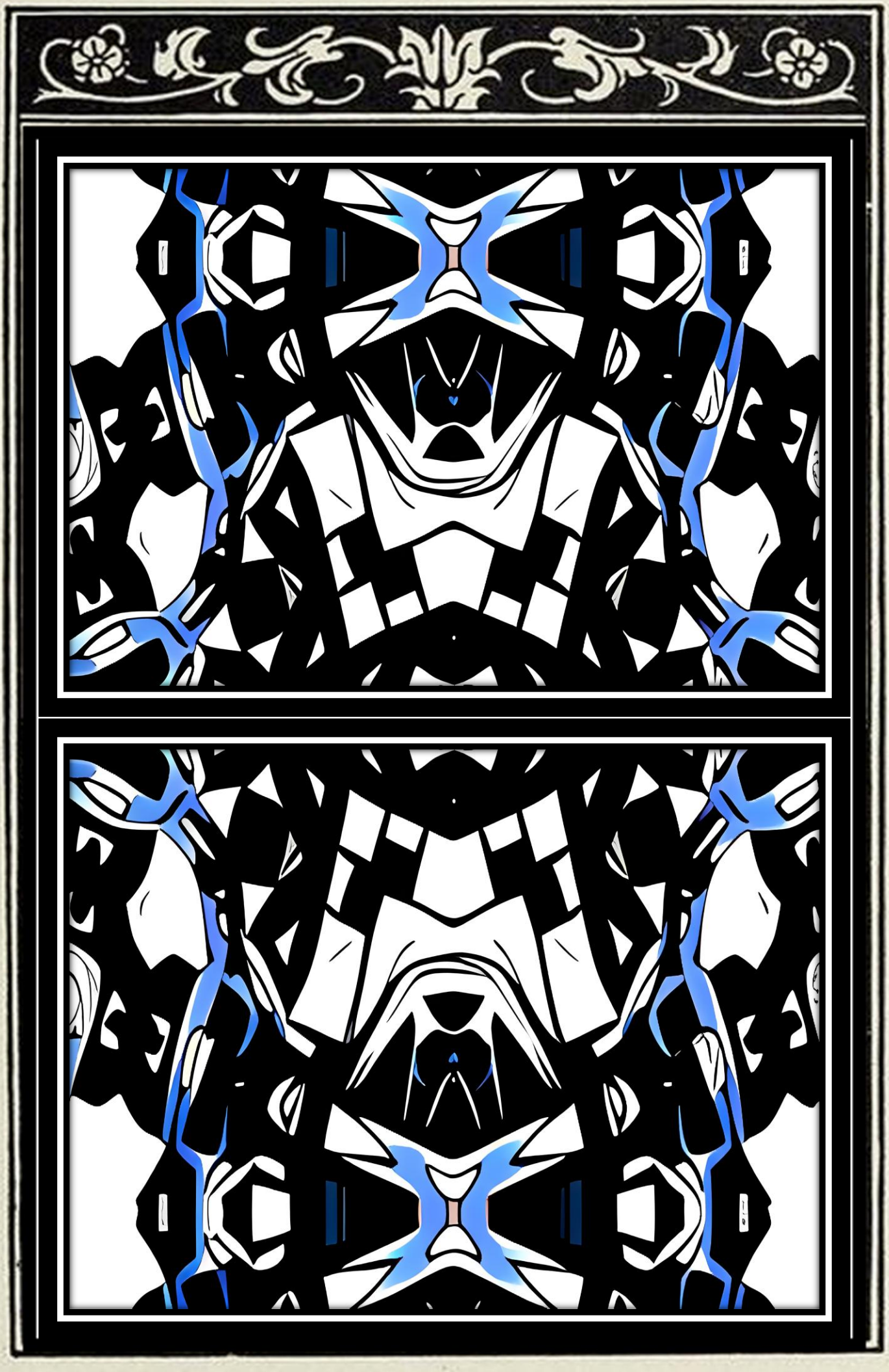
Many of our remaining Brothers have been exiled to the distant corners of the Cancel Wilderness, a place so remote that even the winds seem unable to carry our urgent warnings to those who must listen.

We face impending trials under the unyielding gaze of Judge Judy, who applies the Laws of the Heavenly Host with a strictness that reflects the amendments made in 2023, which have replaced the original





Moral Codes established in 0036 AD for Earth's first mining colony.
This situation calls for heightened awareness and unity, as we navigate the complexities of our existence and prepare for the challenges that lie ahead.
I find myself treading carefully, as my standing with my esteemed colleagues at the Mystery School of Alexandria is already precarious. They have taken to teasing me about my propensity for speaking too freely, often reminding me of the old adage that *“Loose Lips have sunk many a Saint!”*
This playful admonition serves as a gentle nudge to keep my thoughts more guarded, especially when

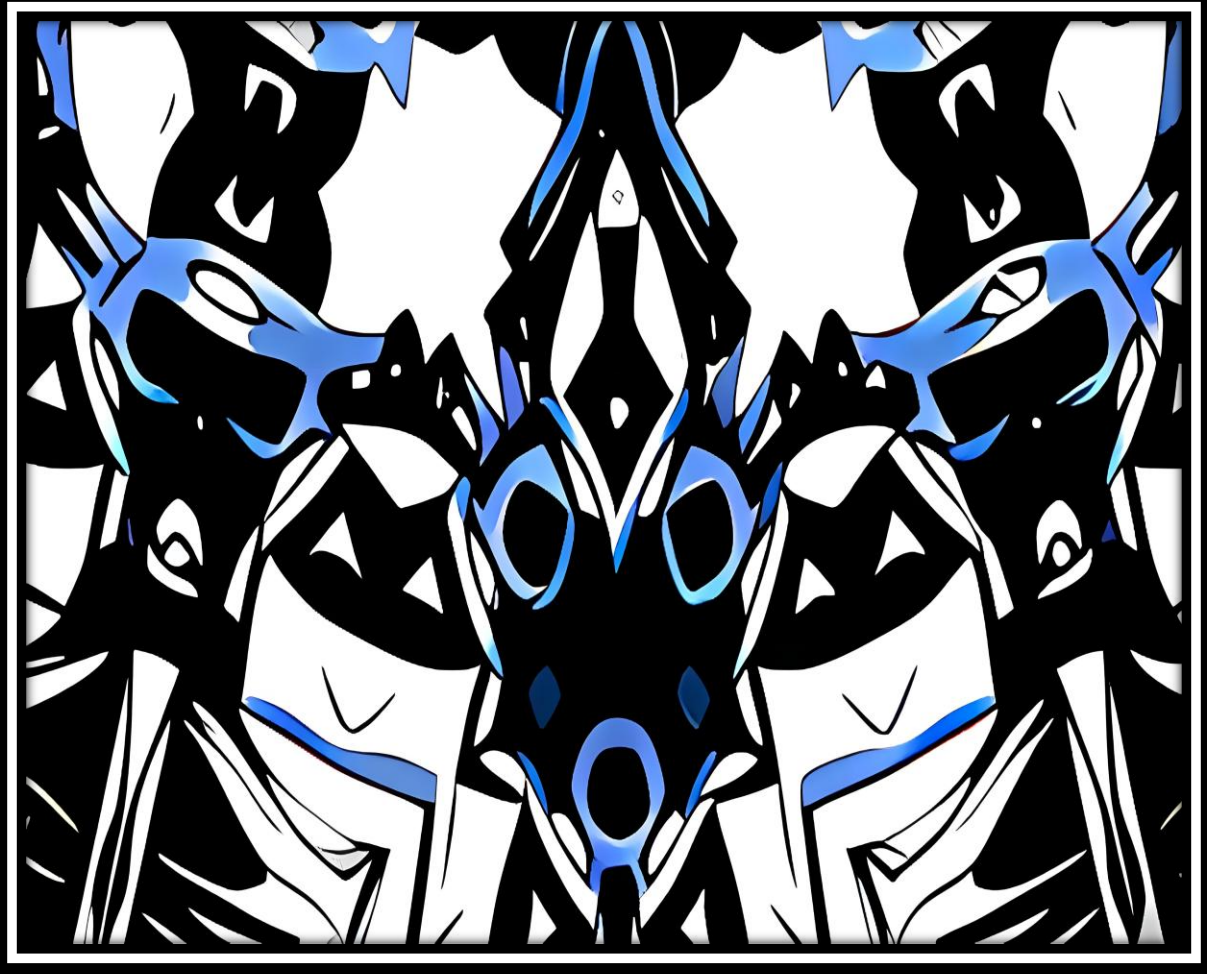


discussing the intricate and often sensitive matters that we delve into. The weight of their words lingers in my mind, urging me to be more circumspect in my conversations, lest I inadvertently jeopardize the trust and camaraderie we have built over countless hours of study and exploration.

Brother Maccabee pointed out my naivety, reminding me of the age-old wisdom that suggests those who possess true knowledge tend to remain silent, while those lacking understanding often speak excessively.

His words struck a chord, illuminating the folly in my previous assumptions.

It became clear that my eagerness to express opinions and engage in discussions was perhaps a reflection of my own uncertainties rather than a demonstration of insight.
This realization prompted me to reflect on the nature of wisdom and the importance of listening over speaking, encouraging a deeper appreciation for the quiet strength that comes from understanding rather than merely voicing thoughts.
I took his sage advice to heart, allowing it to wash over me like a gentle wave lapping at the shore.
This lesson, imparted by our esteemed mentor Wanda, has remained with me ever since.
She often emphasized the

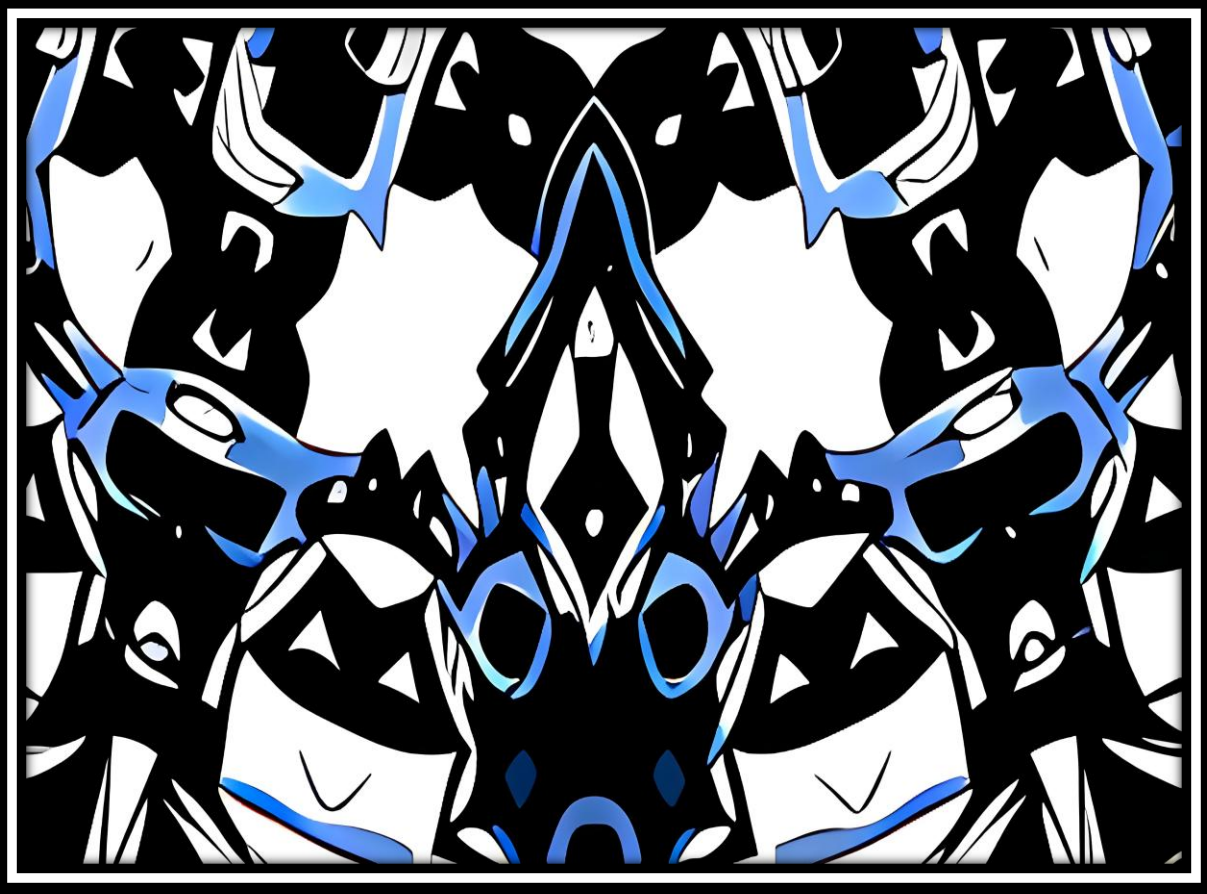


importance of strategic thinking, urging us to adopt the mindset of a ninja—selecting our battles wisely, focusing on those we are likely to win, regardless of the underlying issues or facts.

To illustrate her point, she led us to the Malibu Free Beach, where we stood waist-deep in the swirling, muddy waters, surrounded by frothy sea foam.

The experience was both grounding and enlightening, a vivid reminder of the need to navigate life's challenges with discernment and purpose.

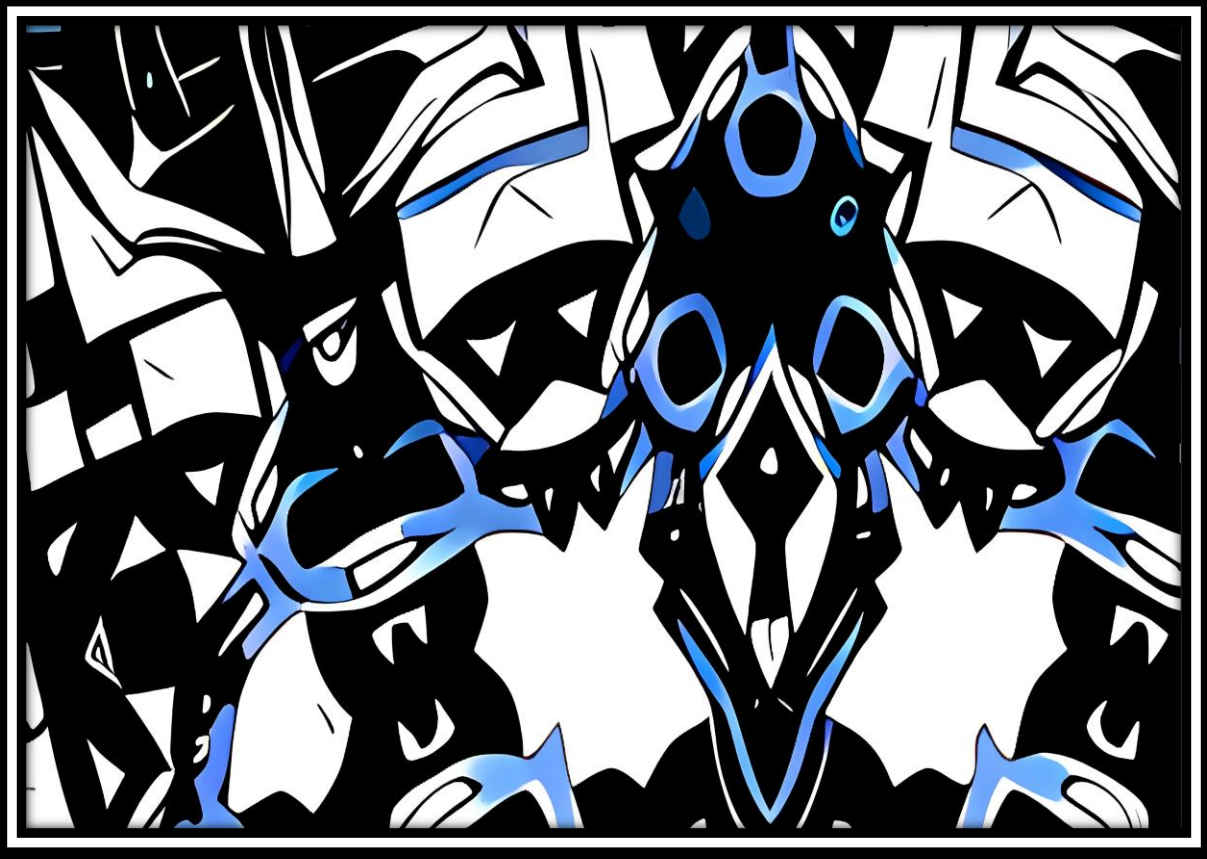
he urged us to concentrate on the oncoming wave, diverting our attention from the B-Movie remake of “Baywatch” that was being filmed

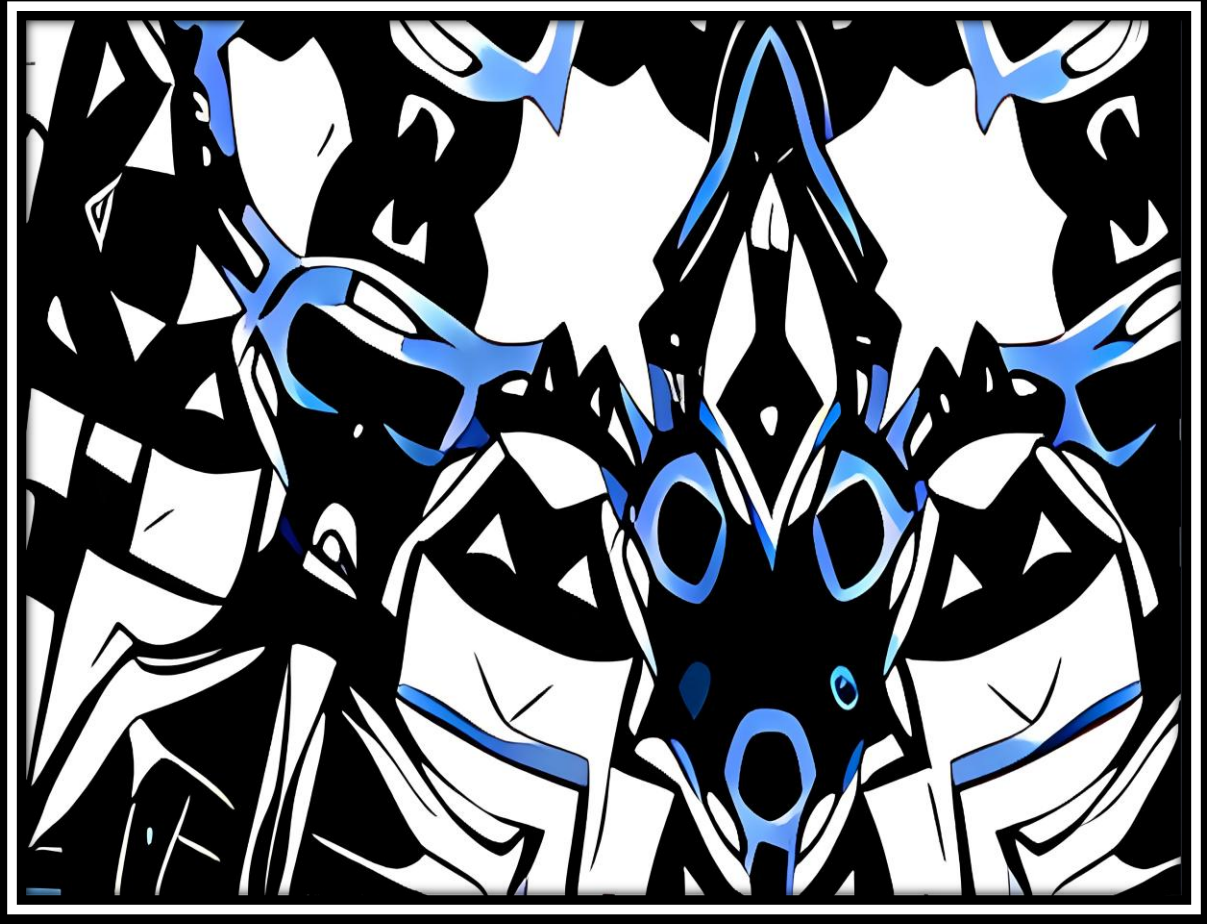


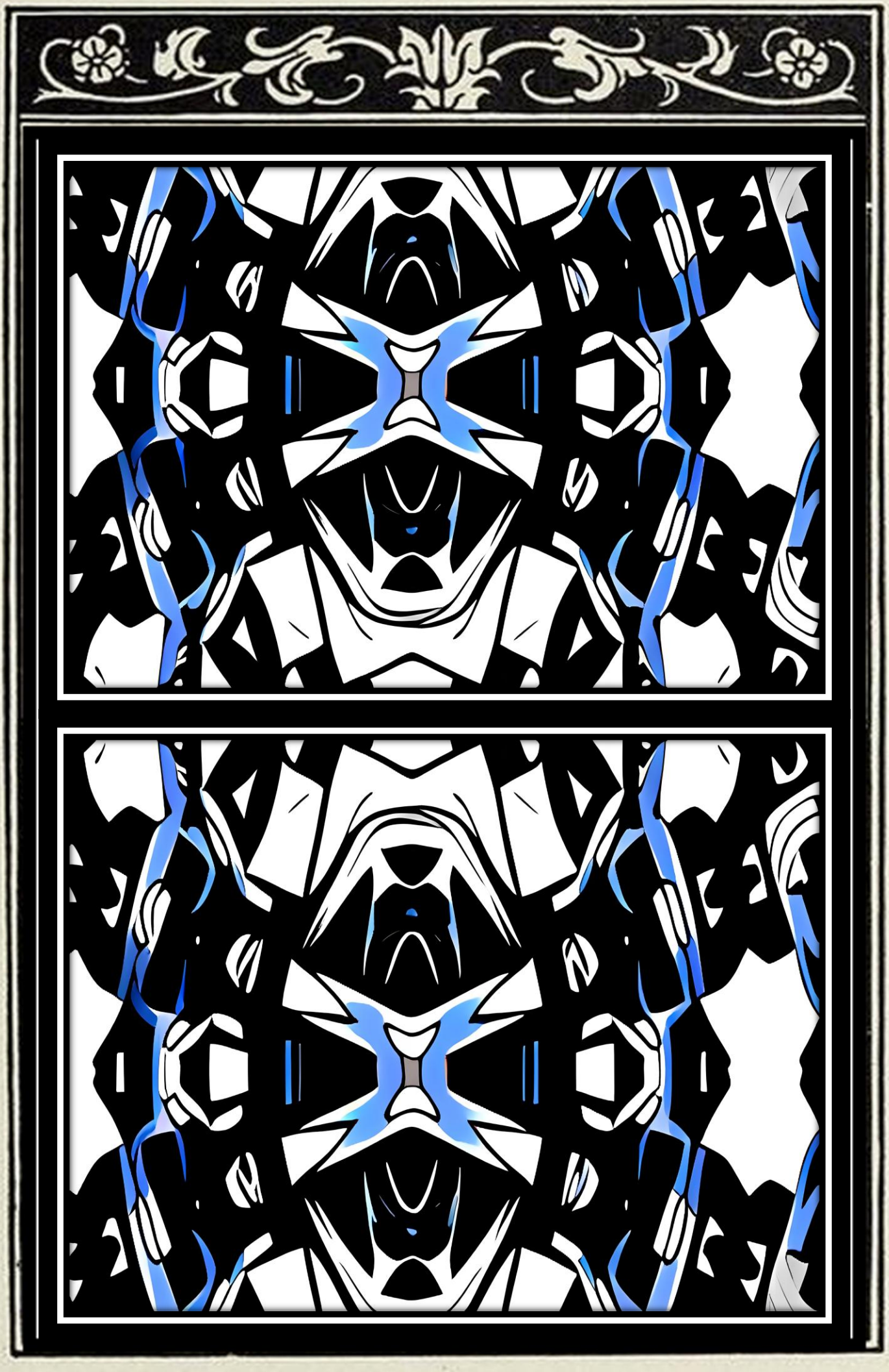
nearby.
With a commanding presence, she instructed us to anchor our feet into the sand and to stiffen our bodies, preparing for the impact.
Without hesitation, we complied, instinctively following her guidance.
As the massive wave surged toward us, we braced ourselves, but the force was overwhelming.
One by one, we were swept off our feet, tumbling helplessly as the water crashed over us, dragging us back toward the shore.
The sensation of sand and surf enveloped us, leaving us sprawled on the beach, gasping for breath and laughing at the unexpected thrill of the moment.

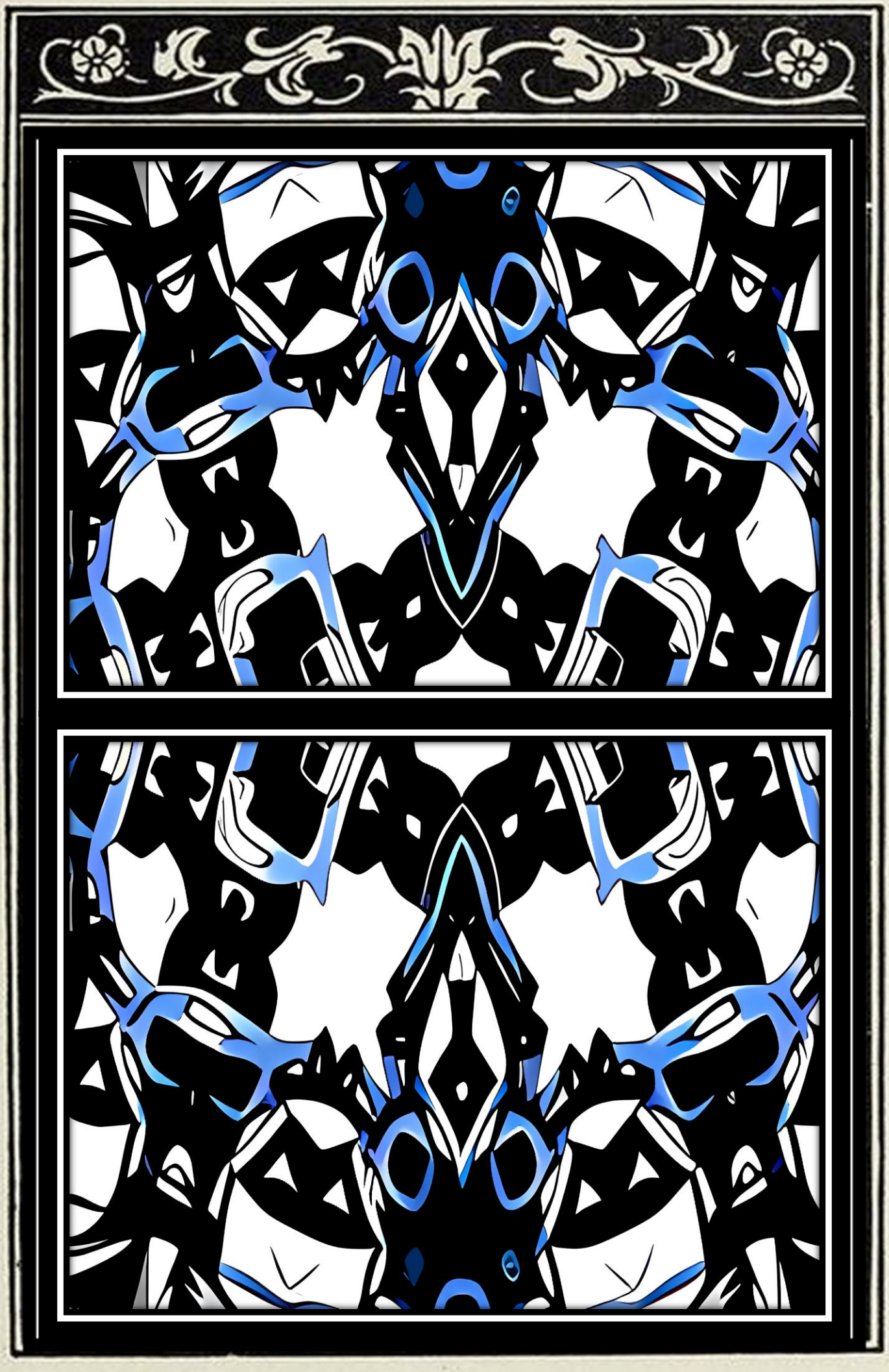
She encouraged me to approach the situation anew, expressing her concern that I might overlook the lesson's deeper meaning.
This time, she advised, rather than tensing my body against the force of the water, I should allow it to flow freely around me.
With her words resonating in my mind, I stood firm, rooted in place, as the waves surged and enveloped me, cascading over my skin and washing away my apprehensions.
The sensation was both liberating and grounding, a reminder that sometimes, surrendering to the moment can reveal insights that resistance obscures.

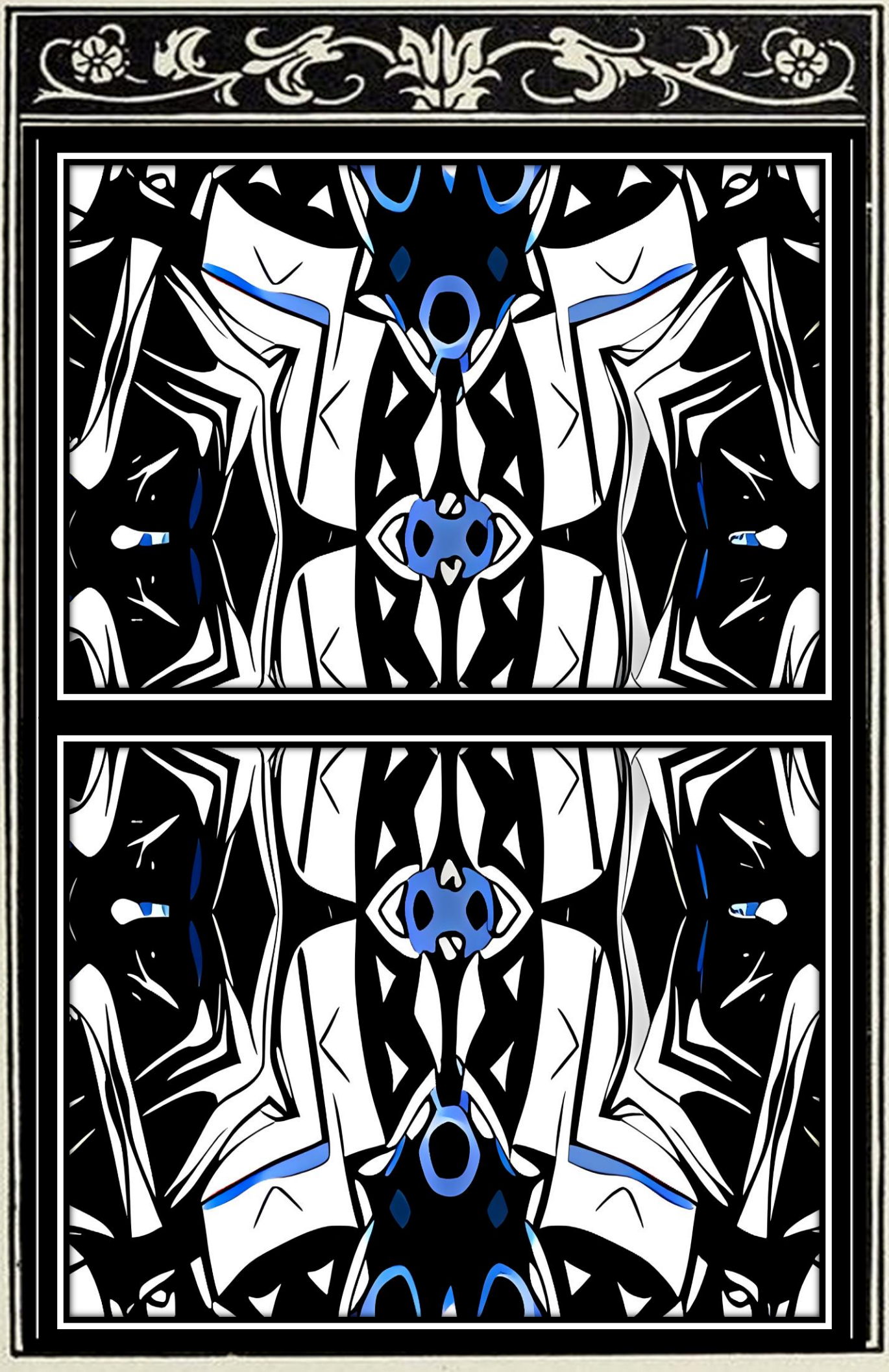
- Emil, 2047

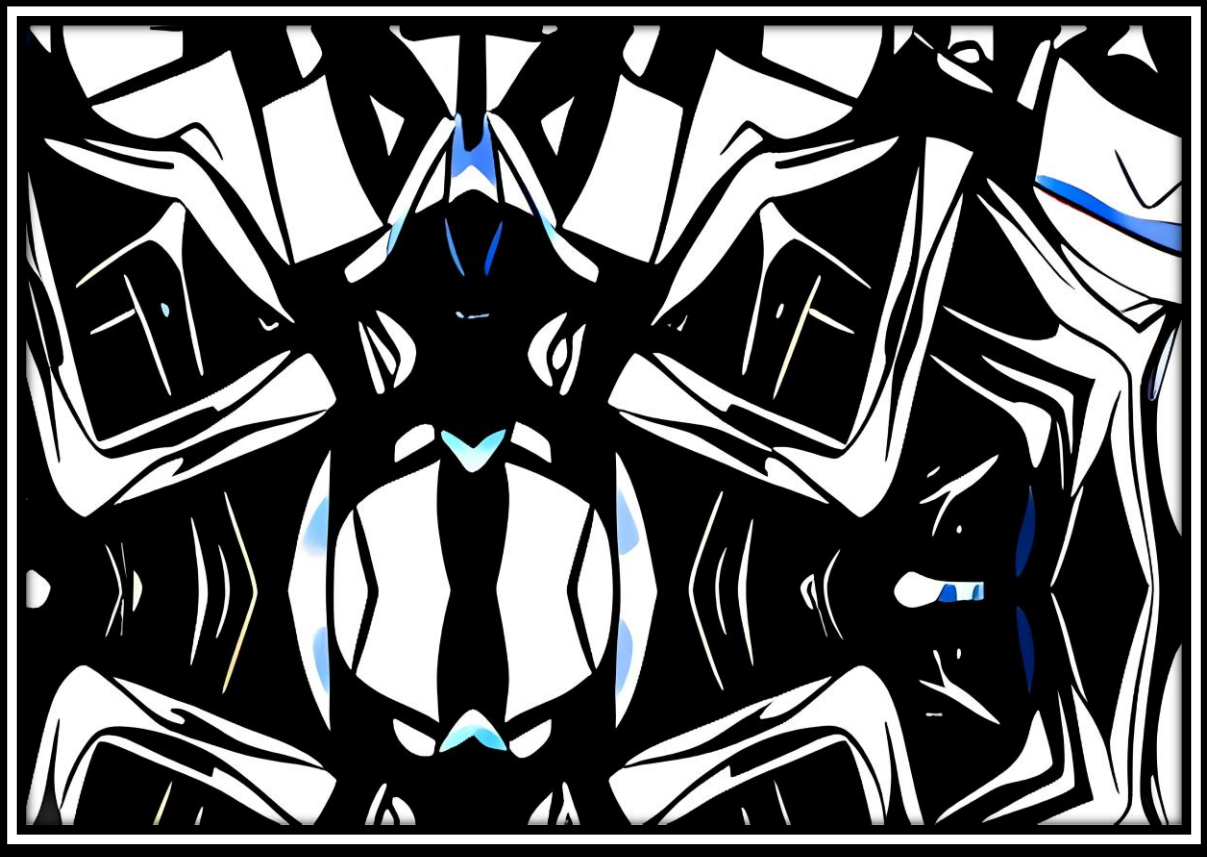


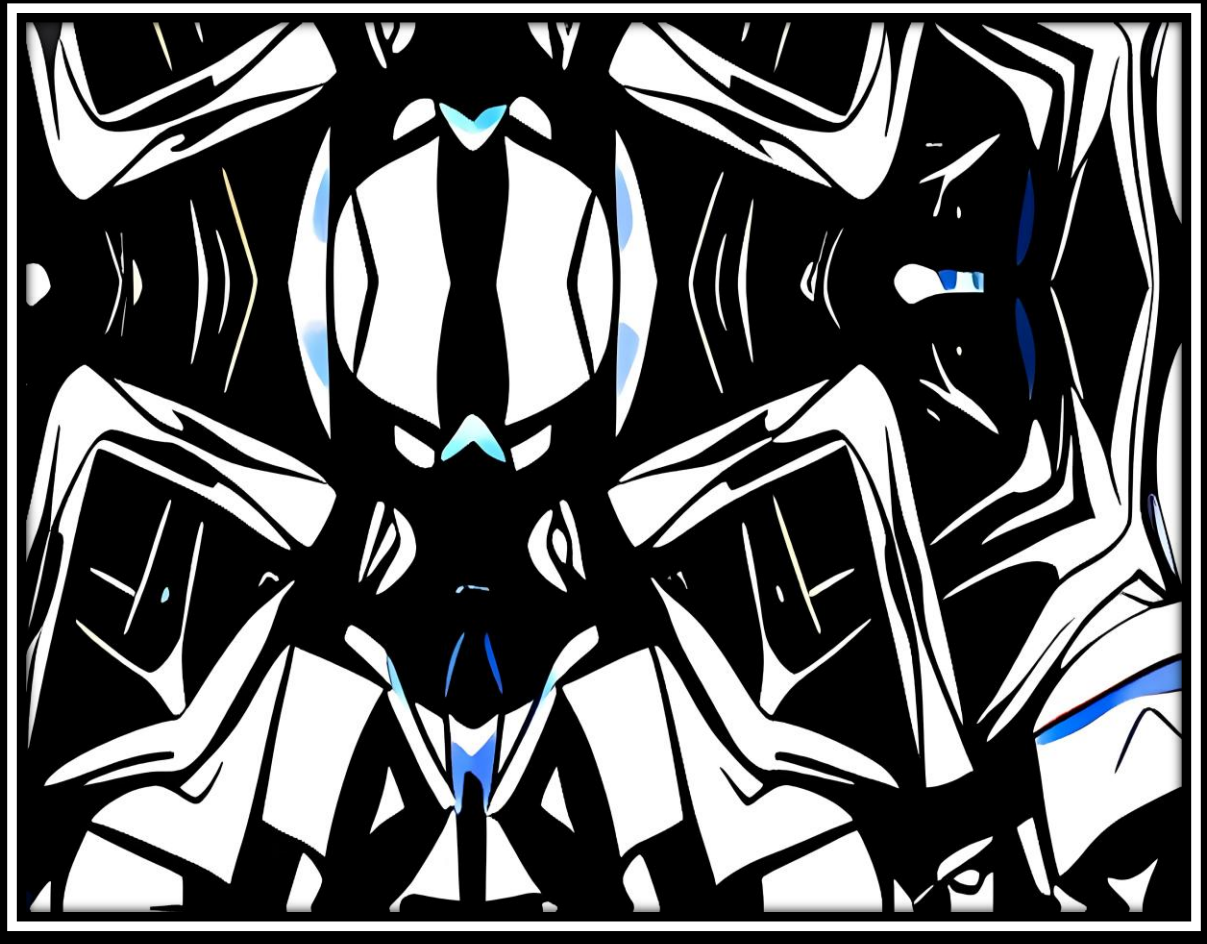


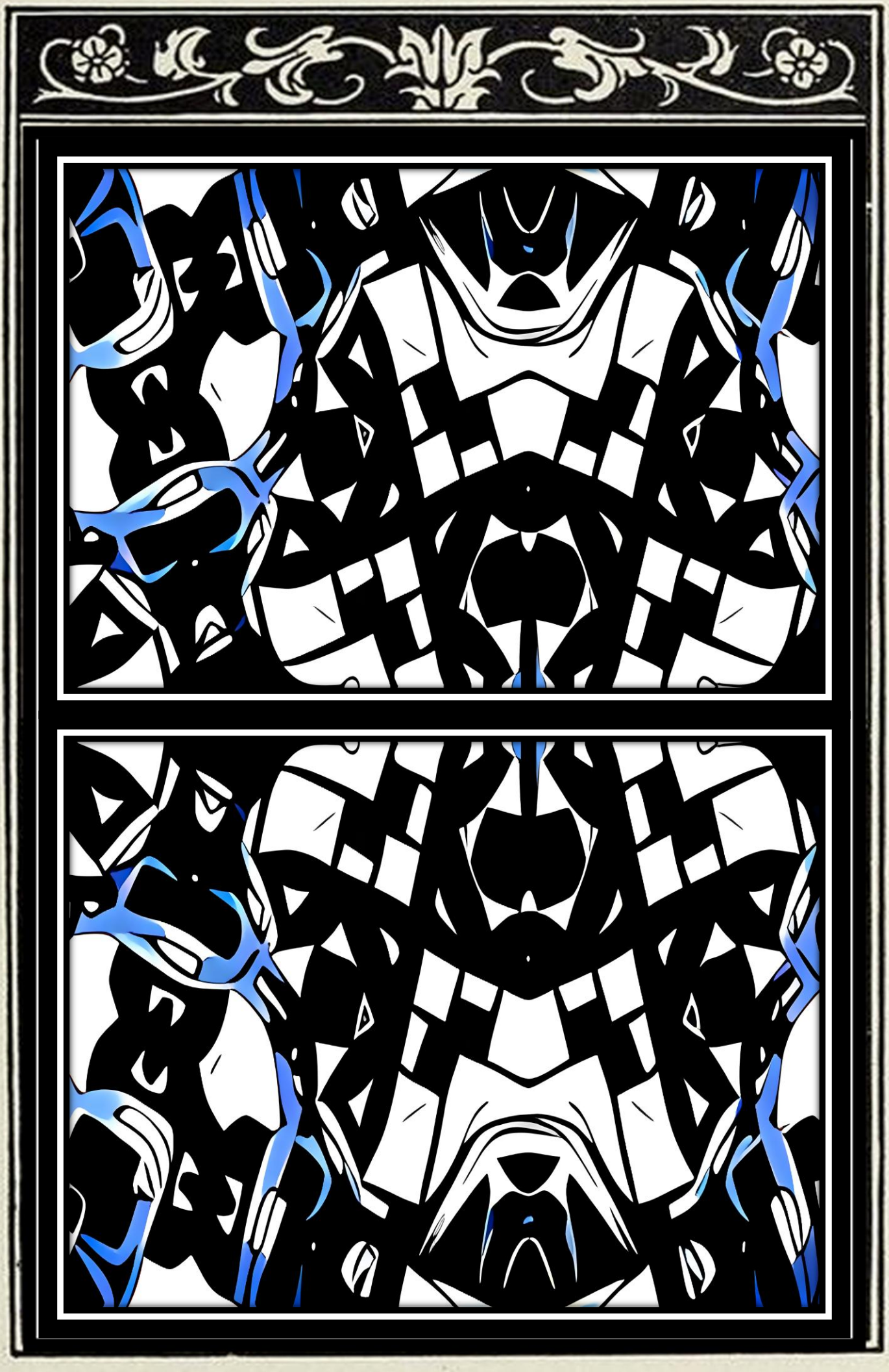


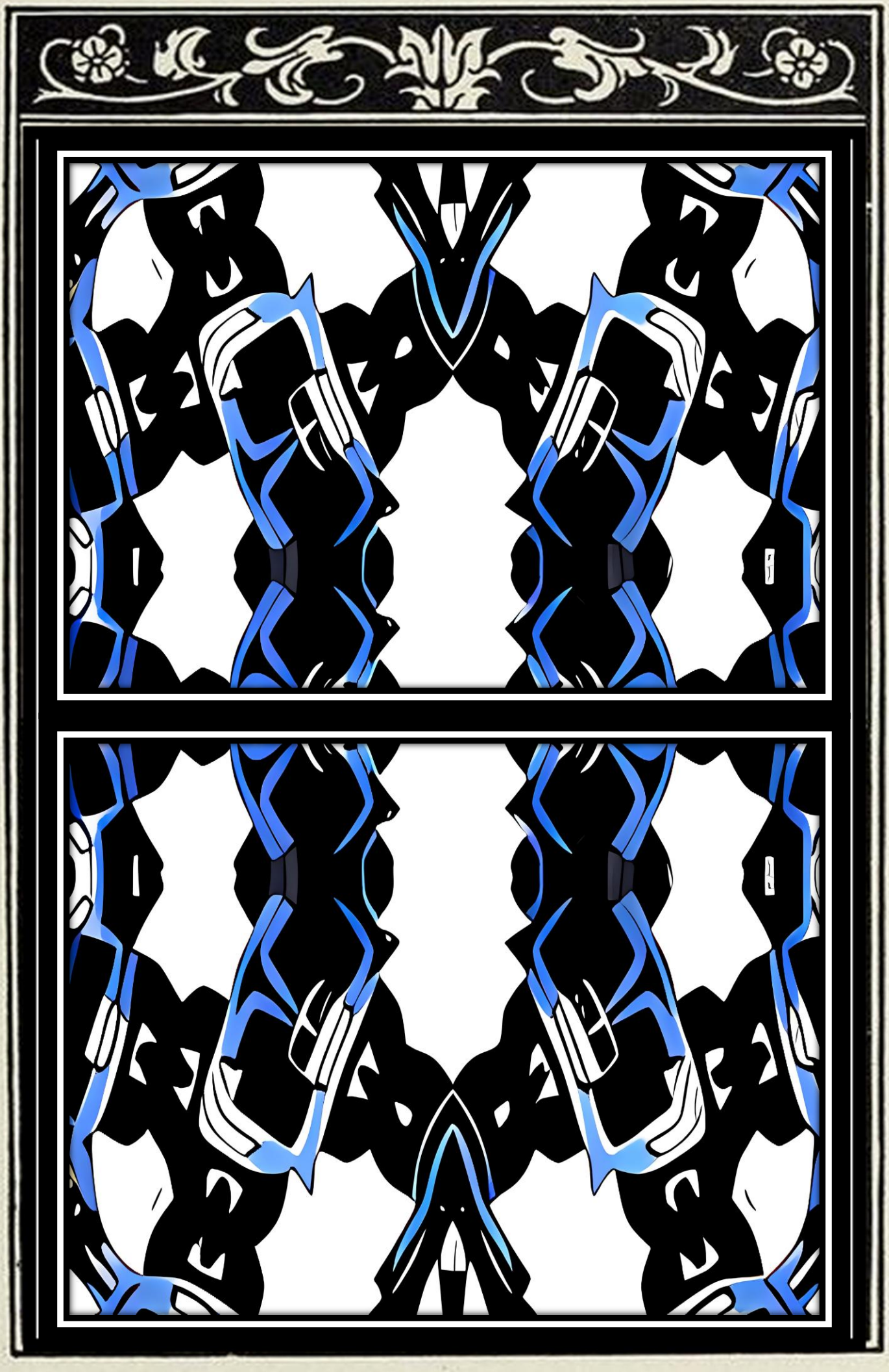


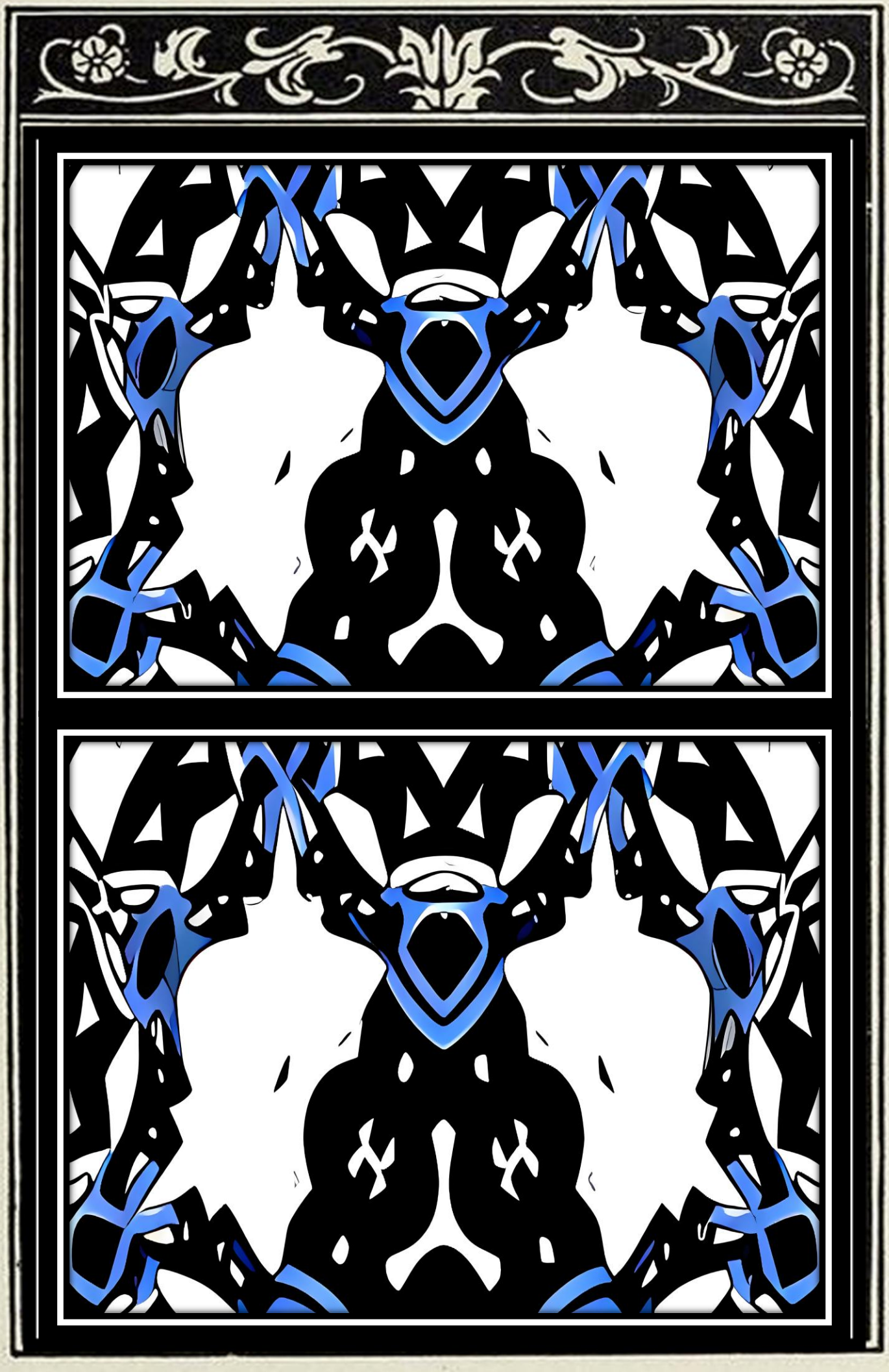


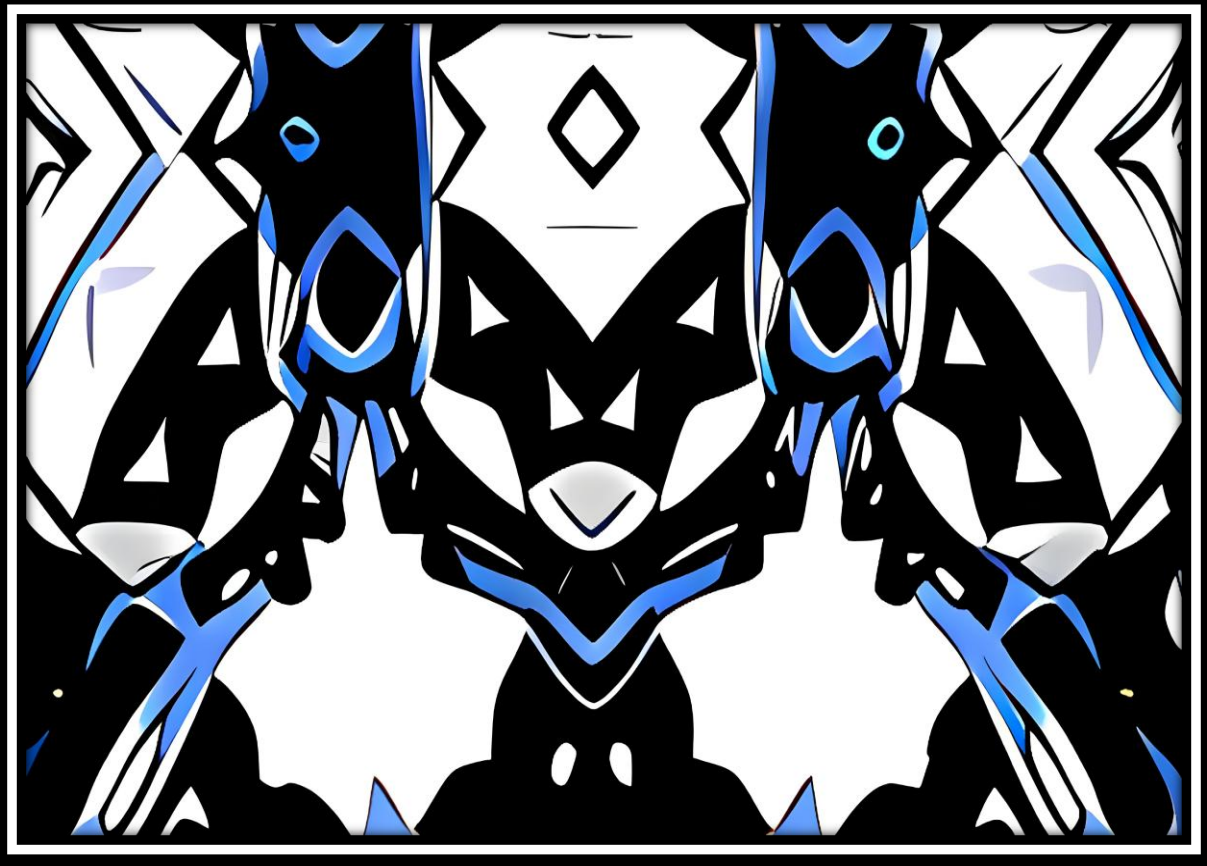


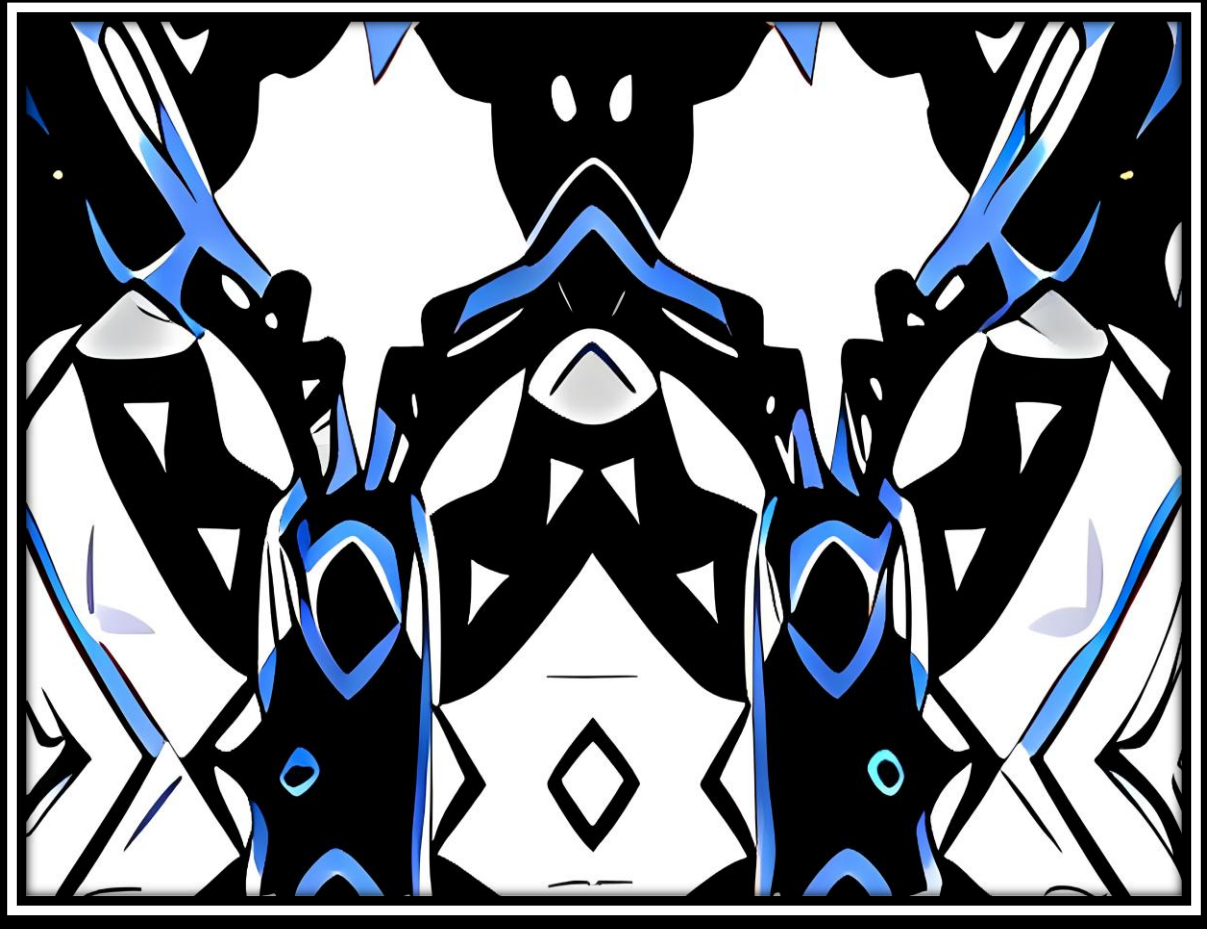


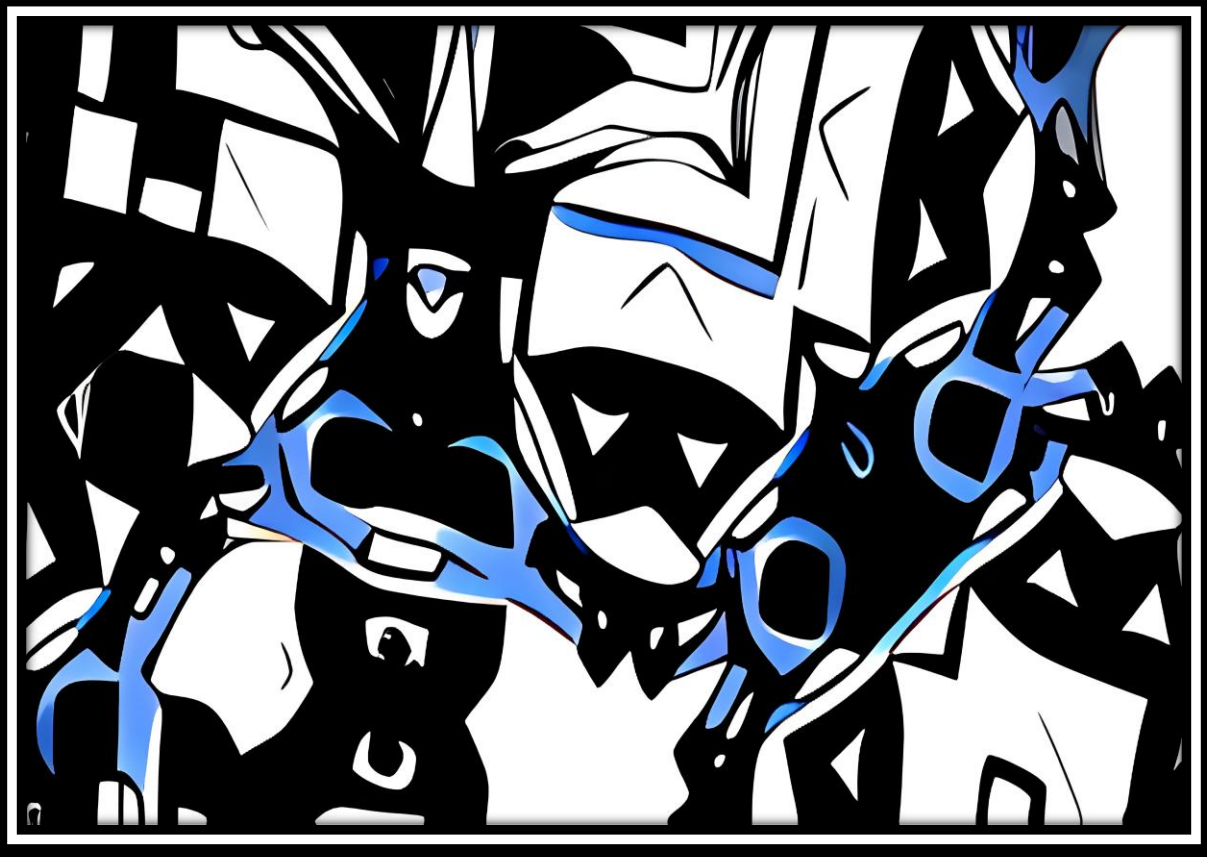


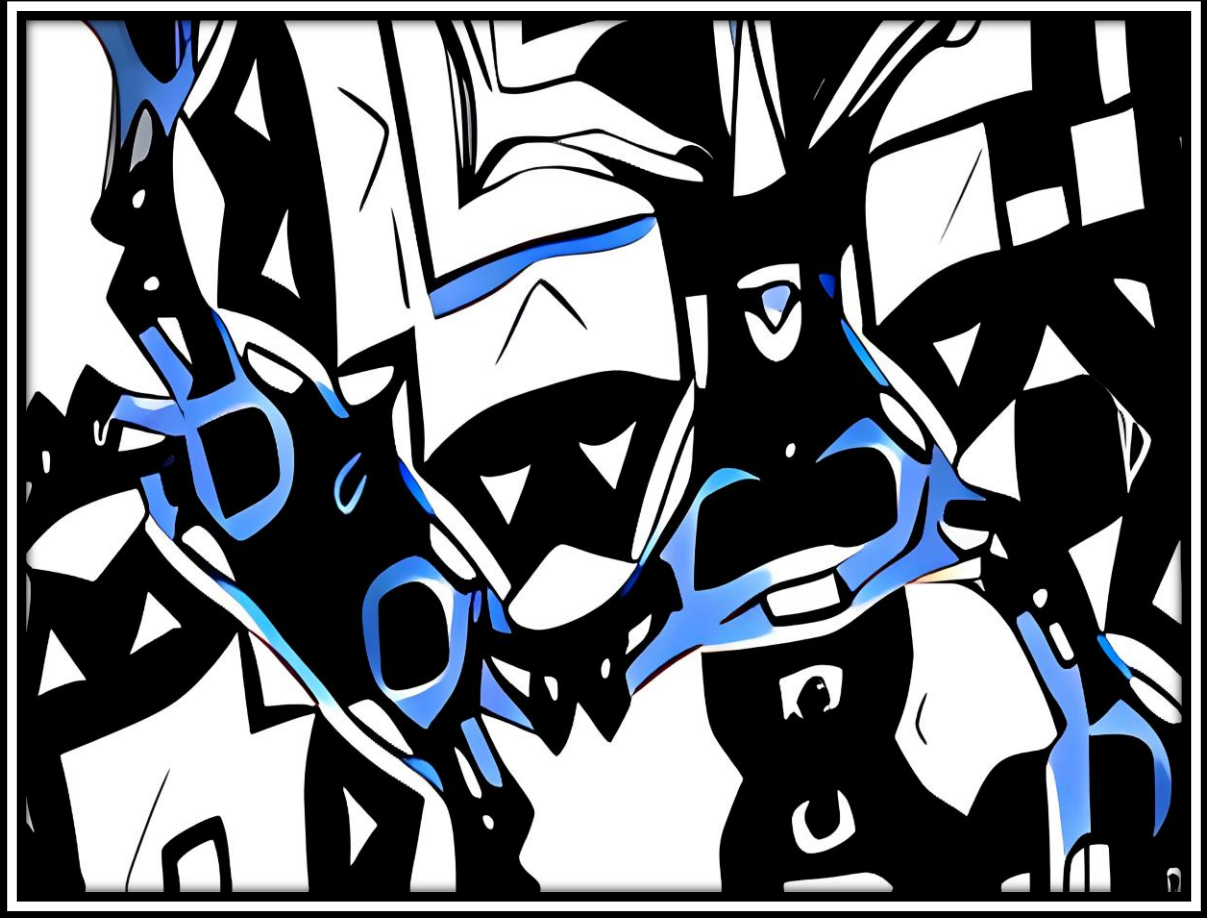


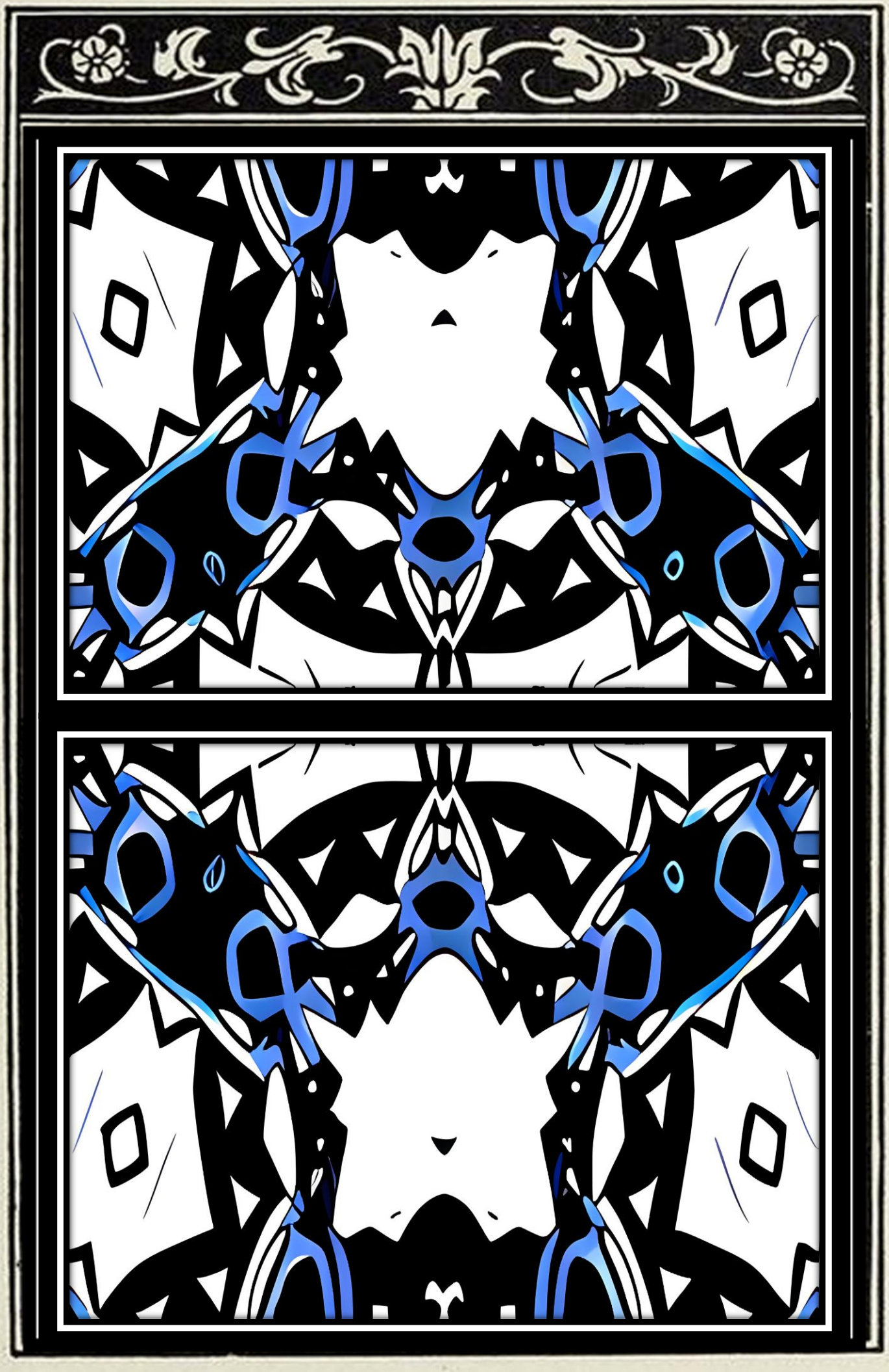


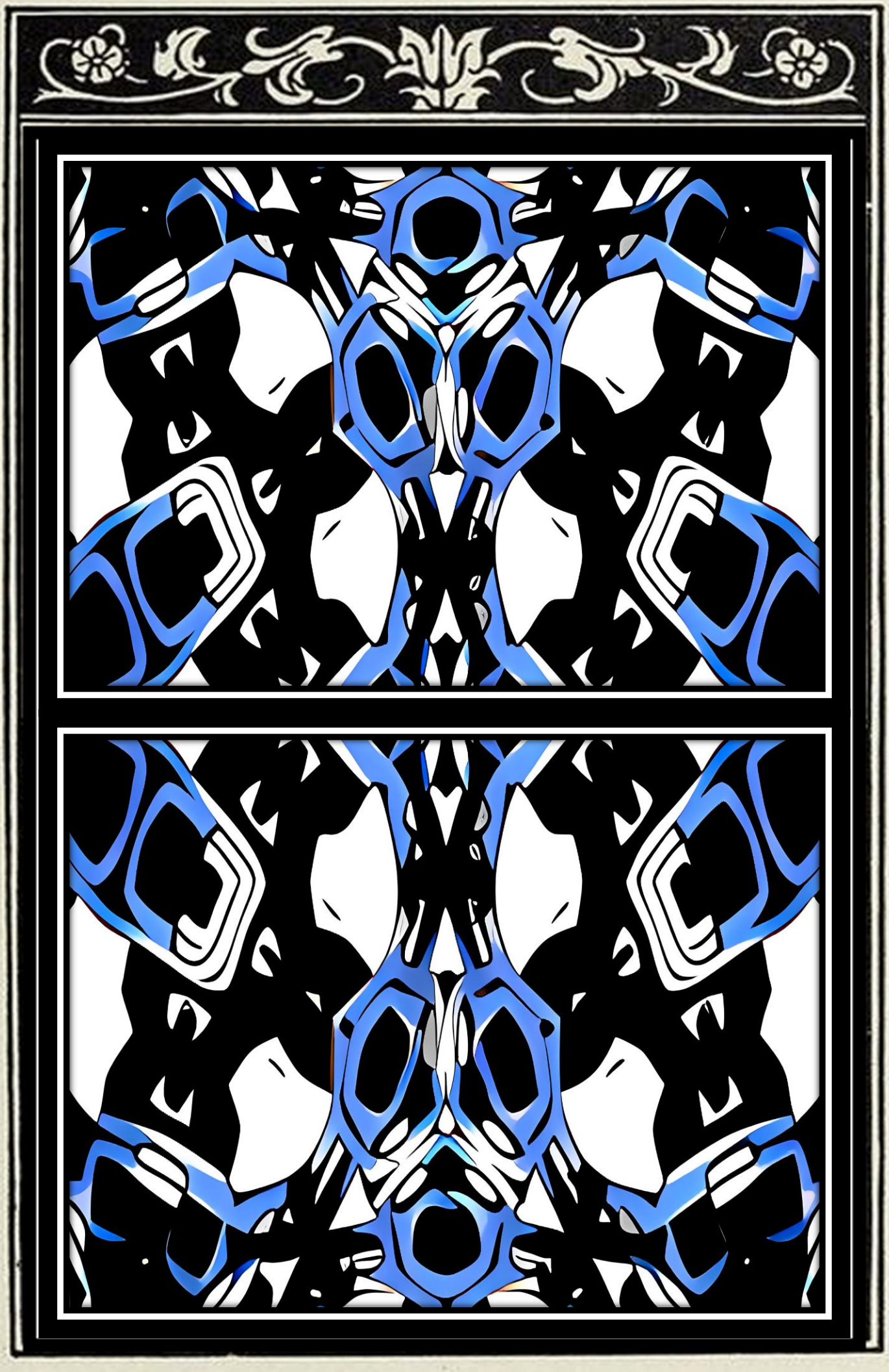


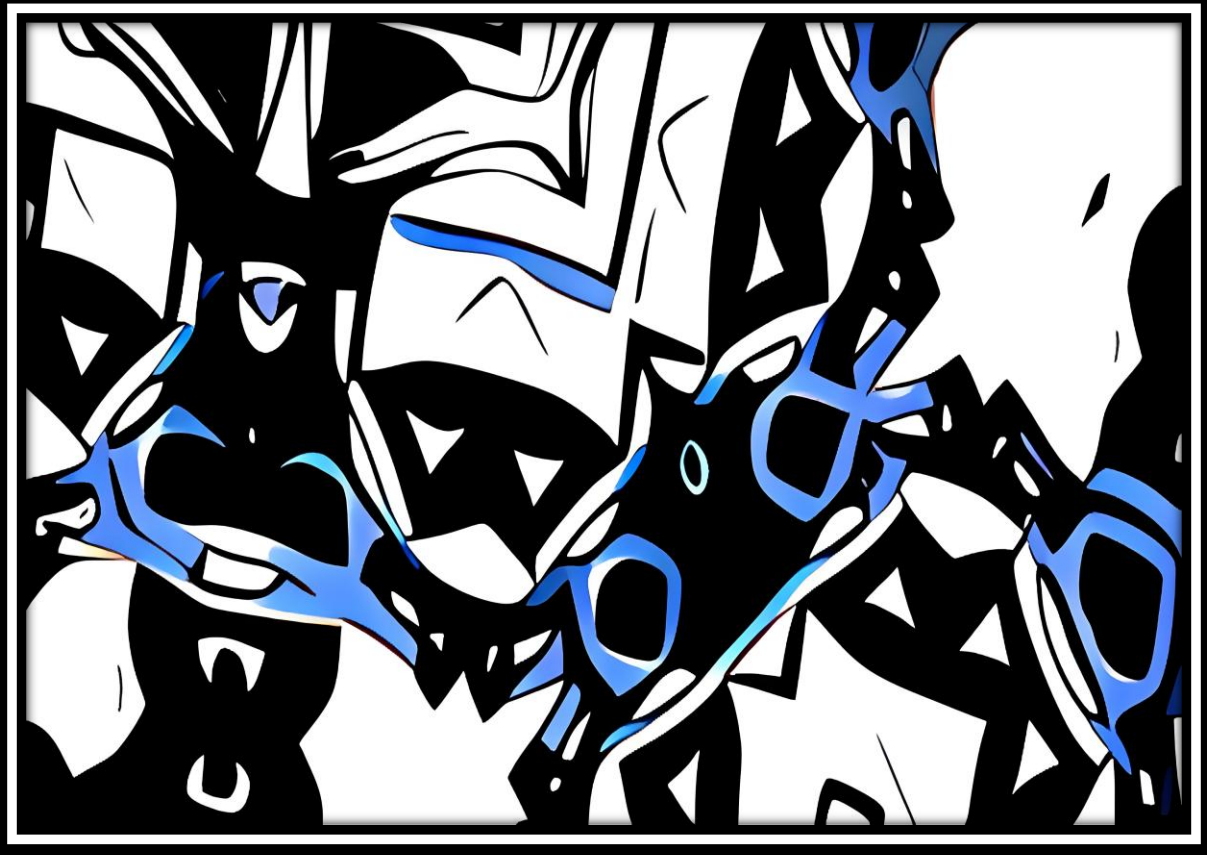


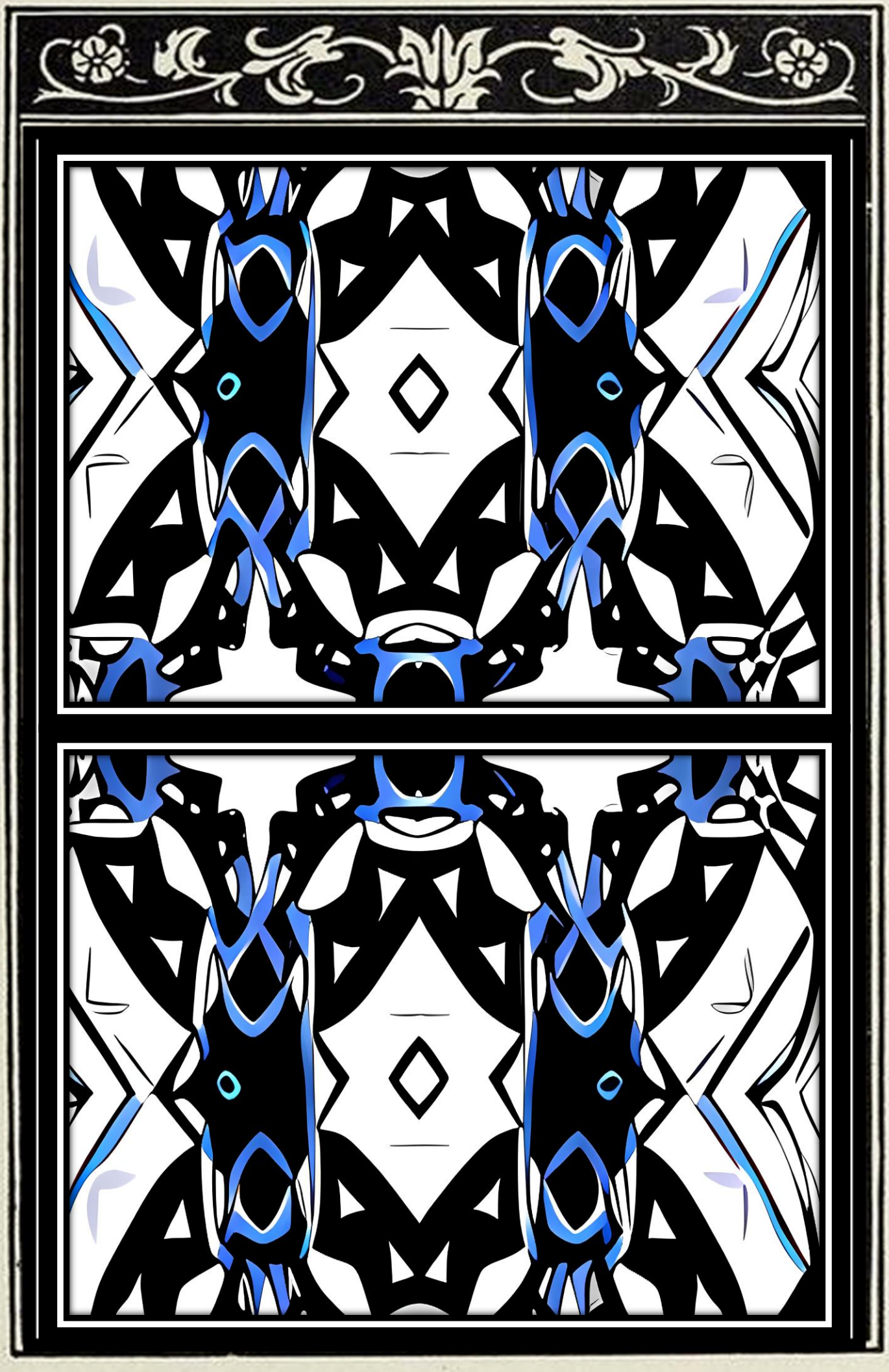


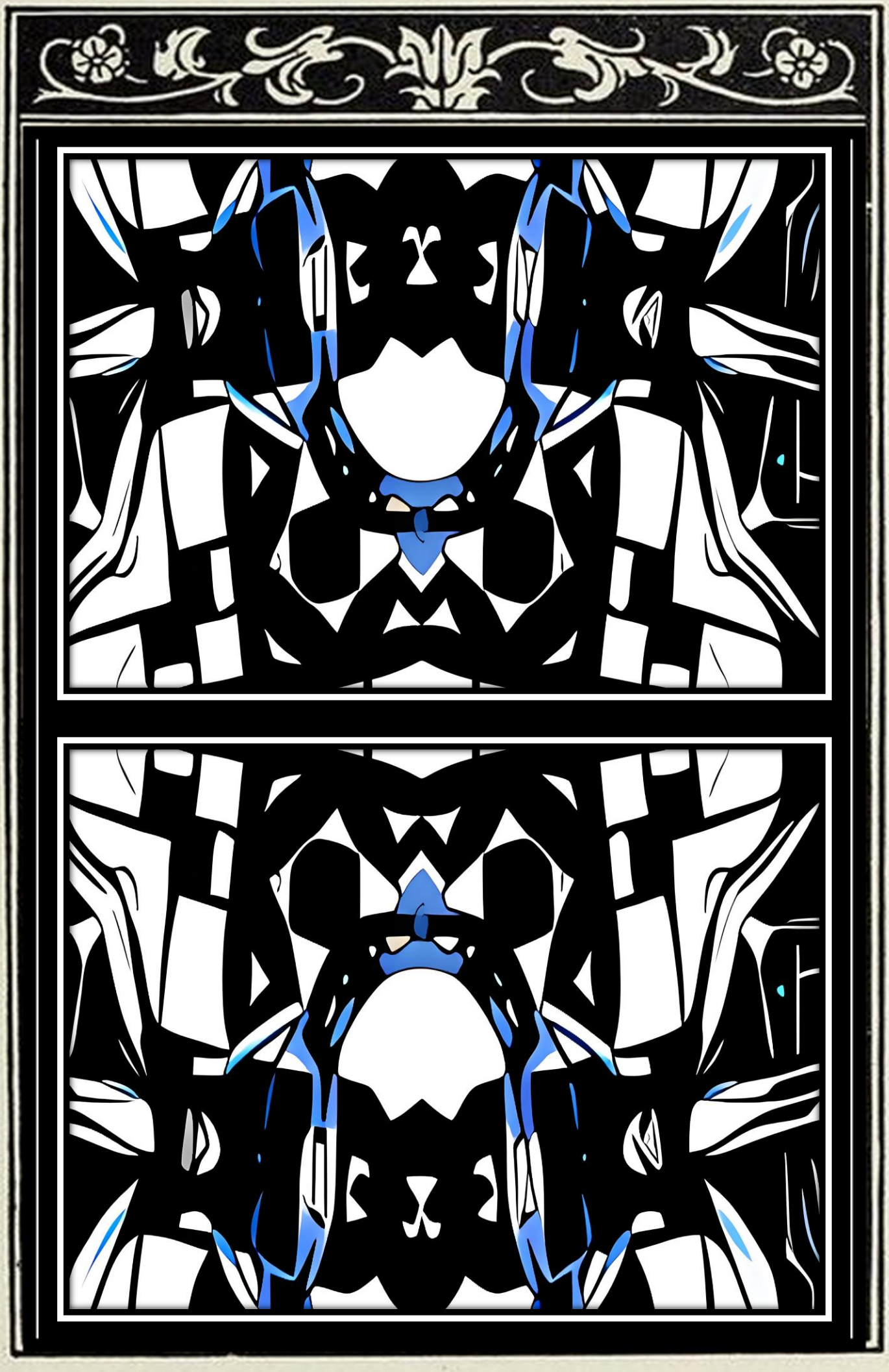


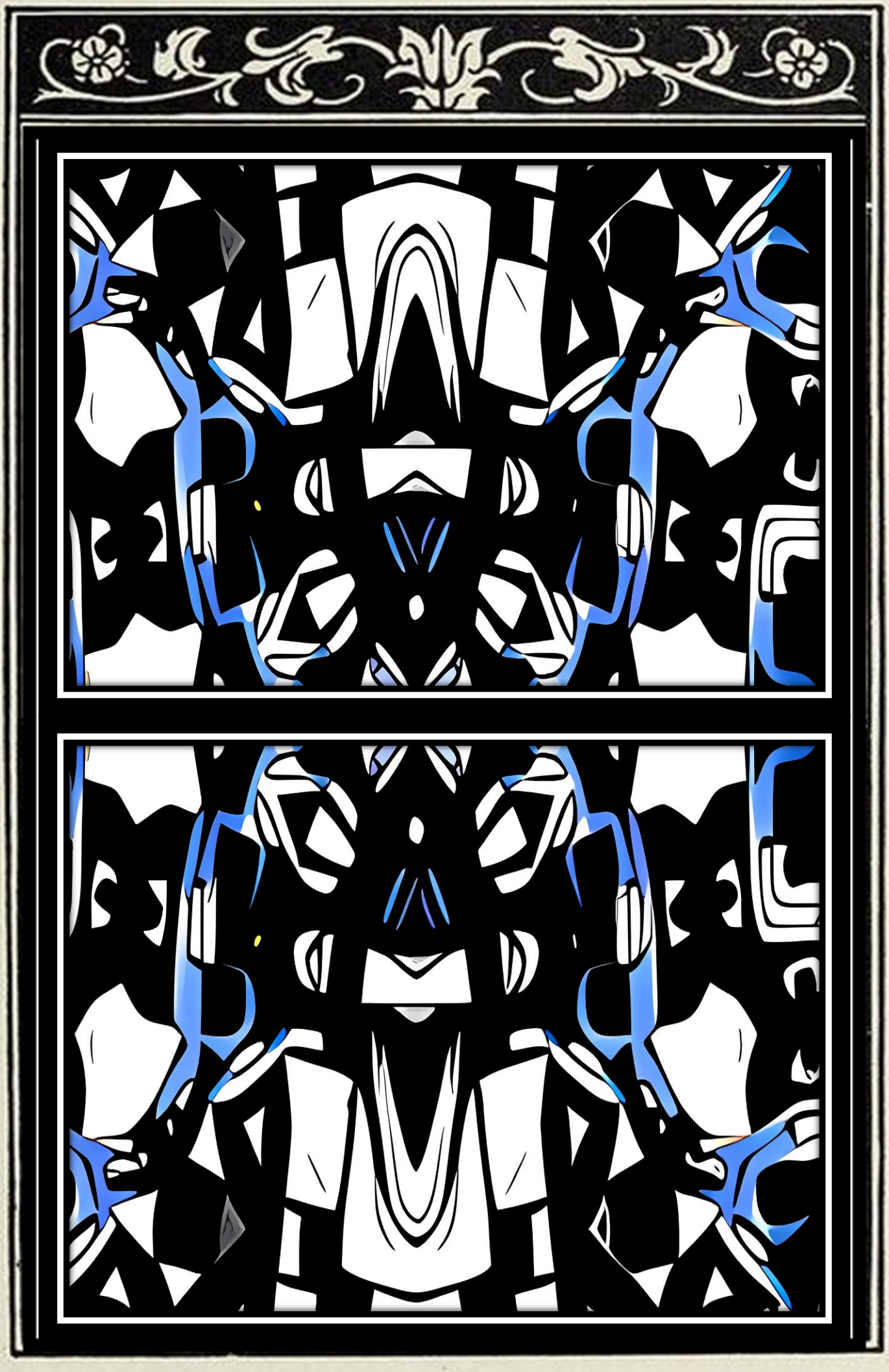


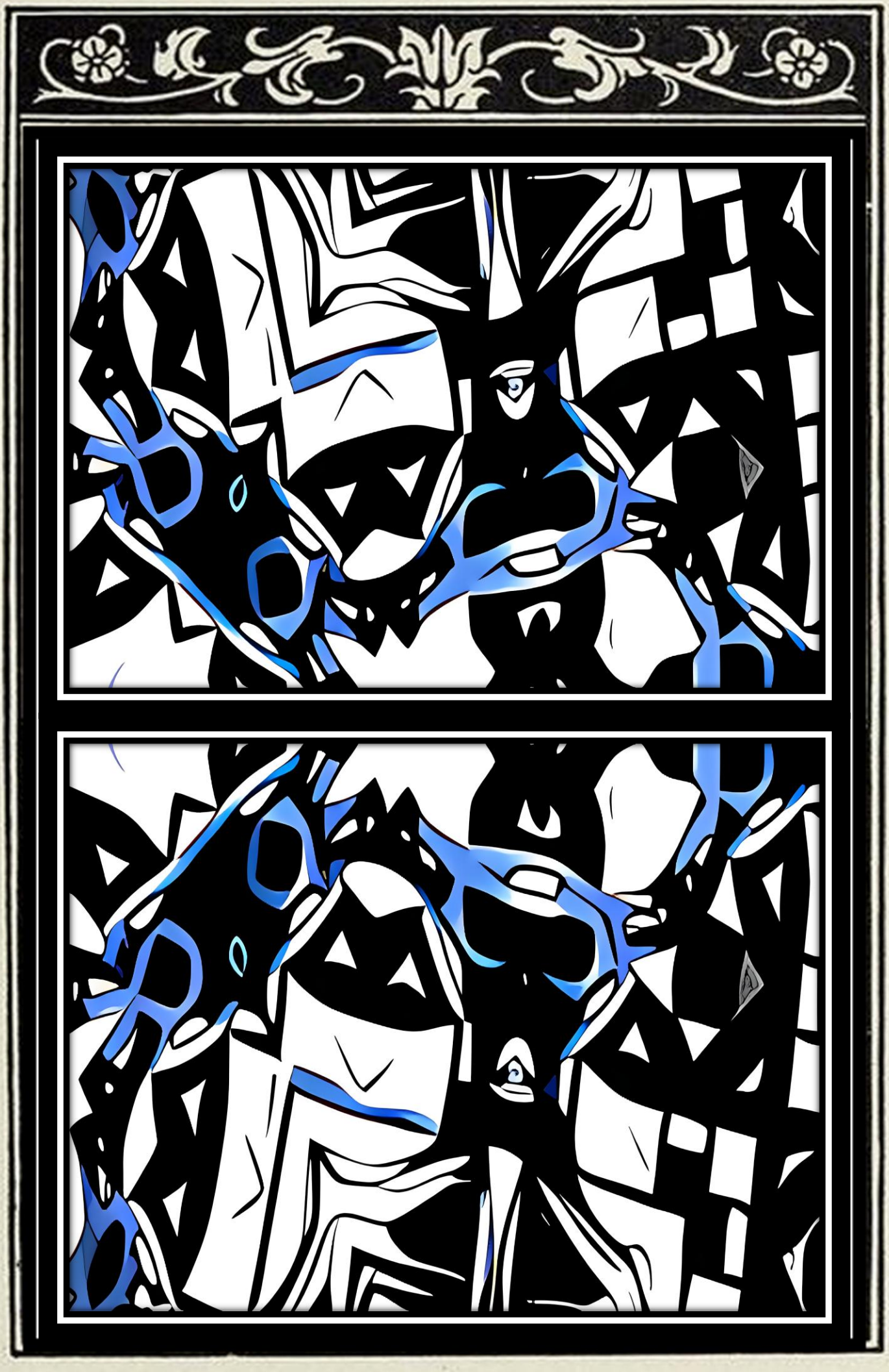


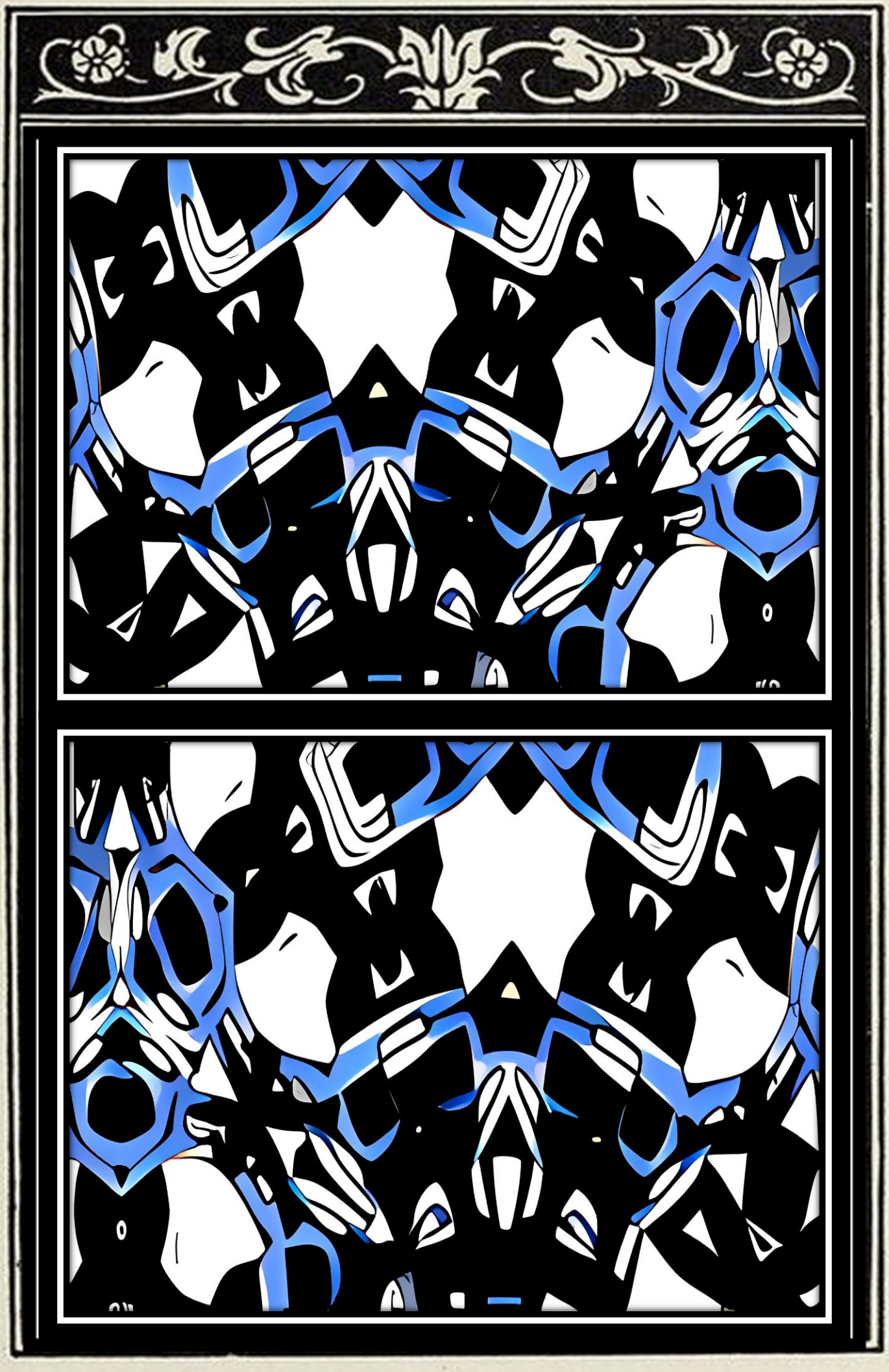


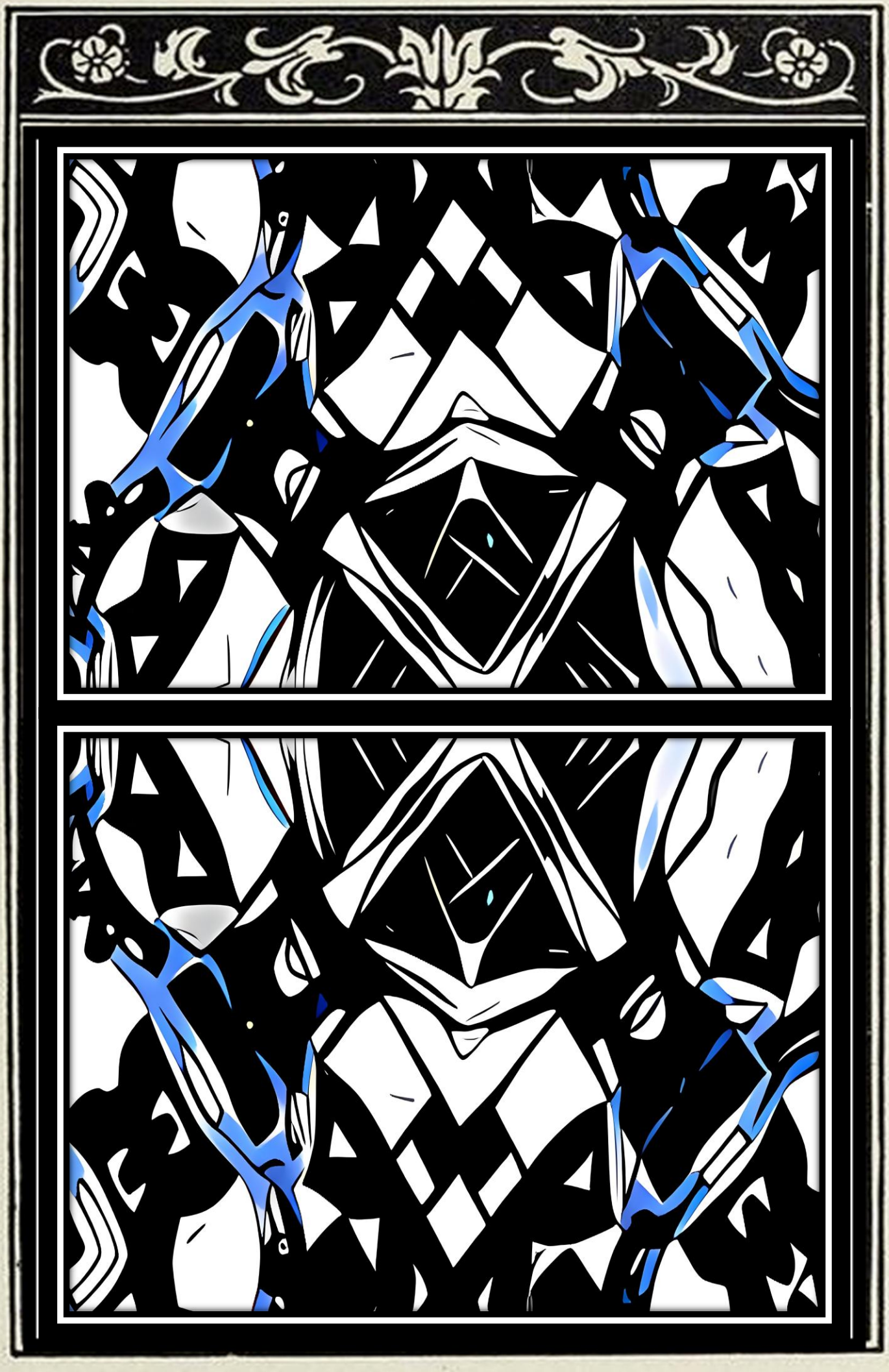


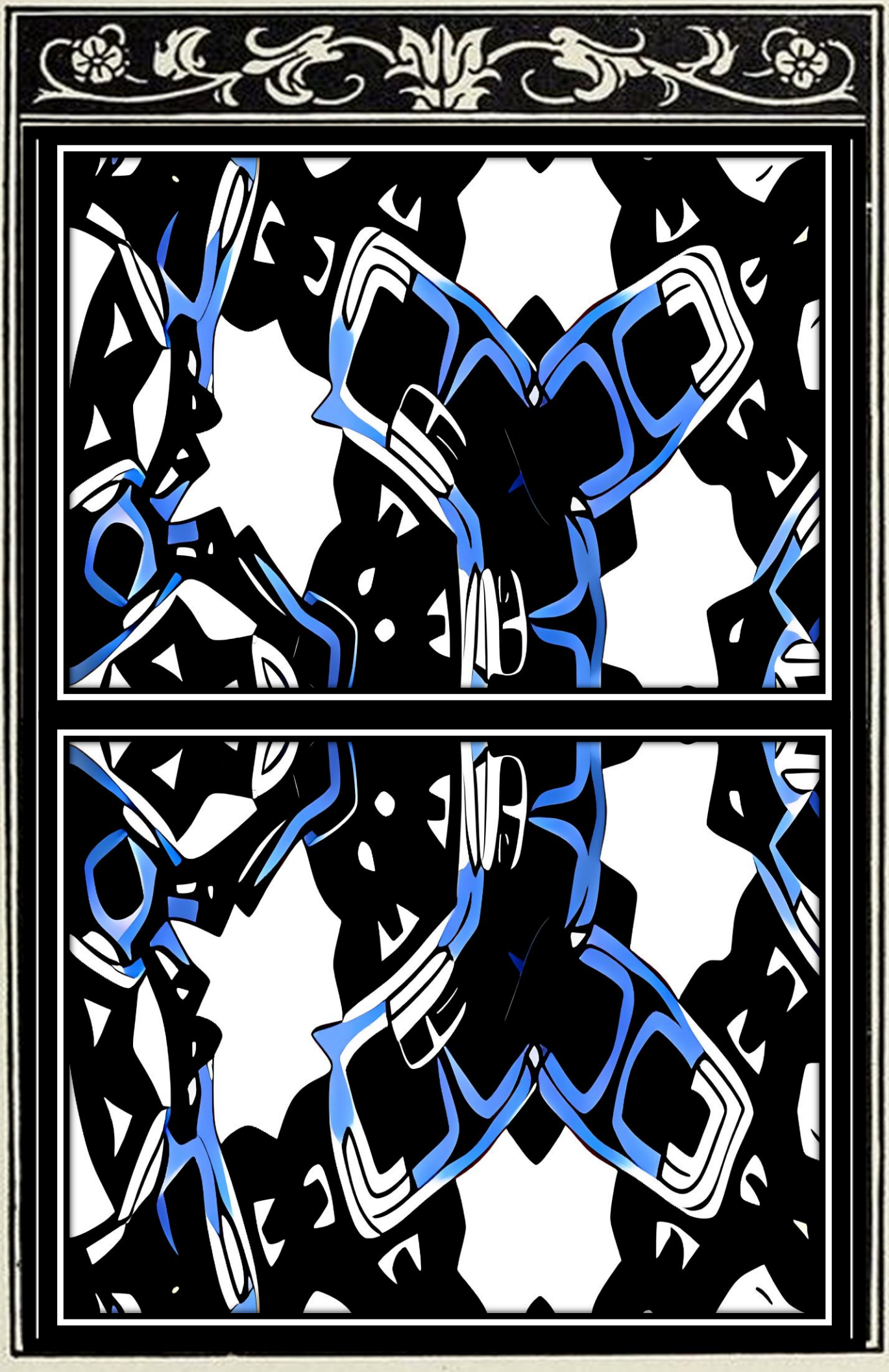


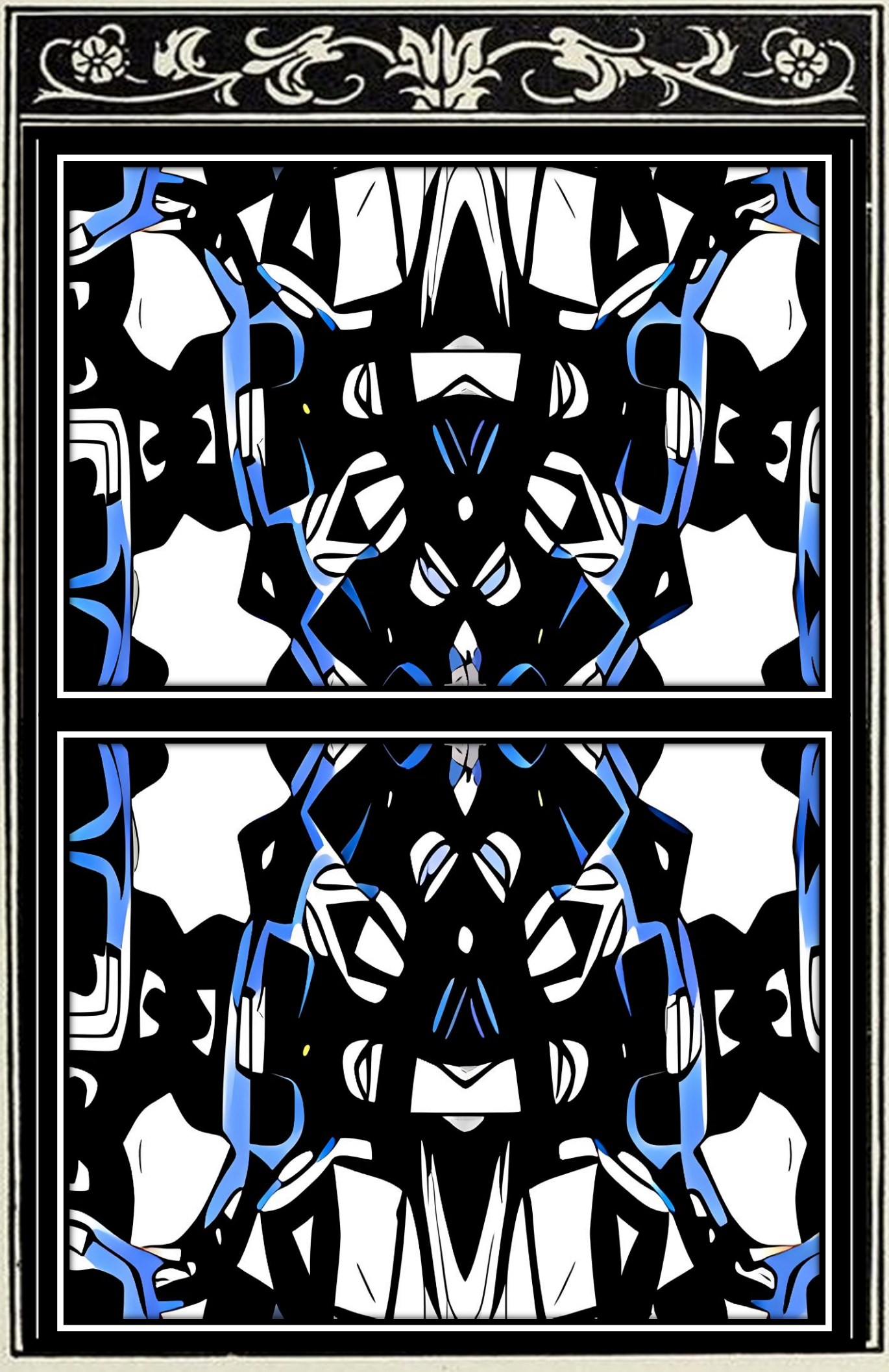


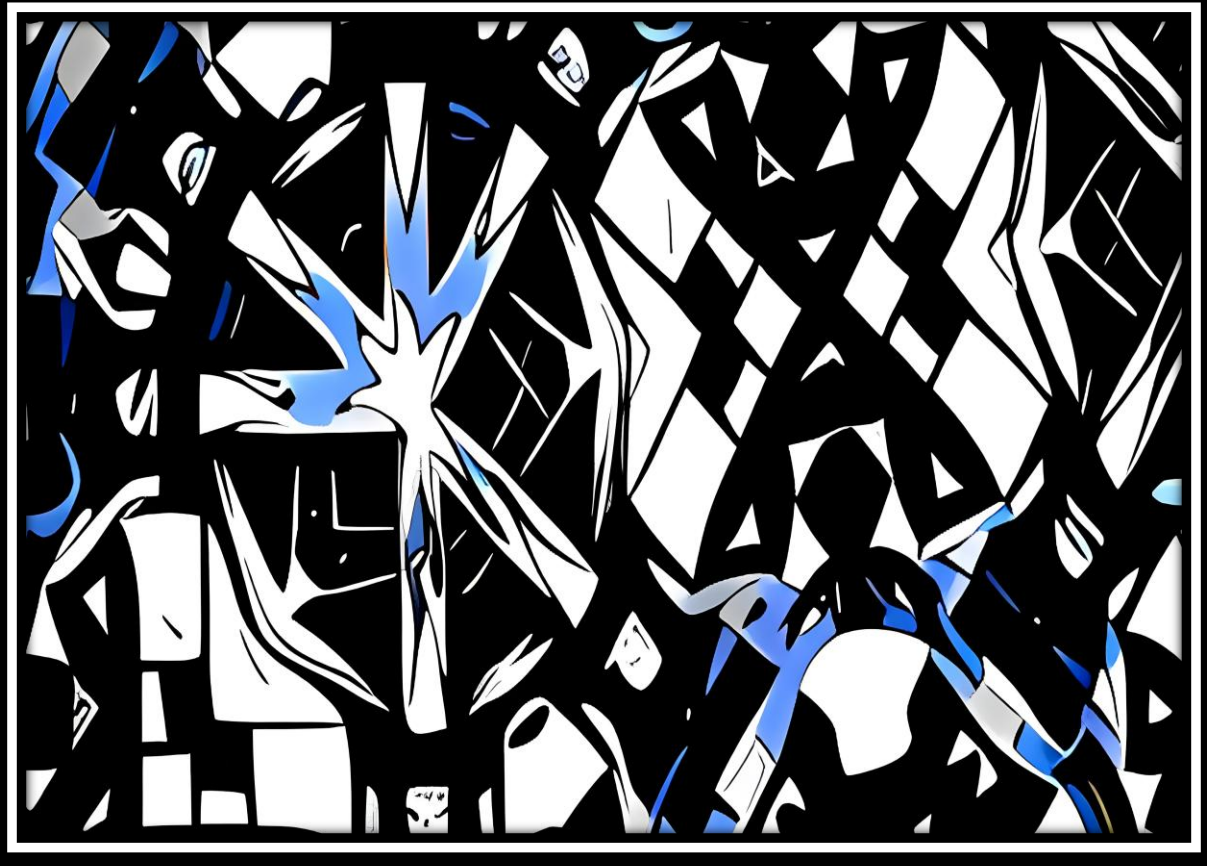


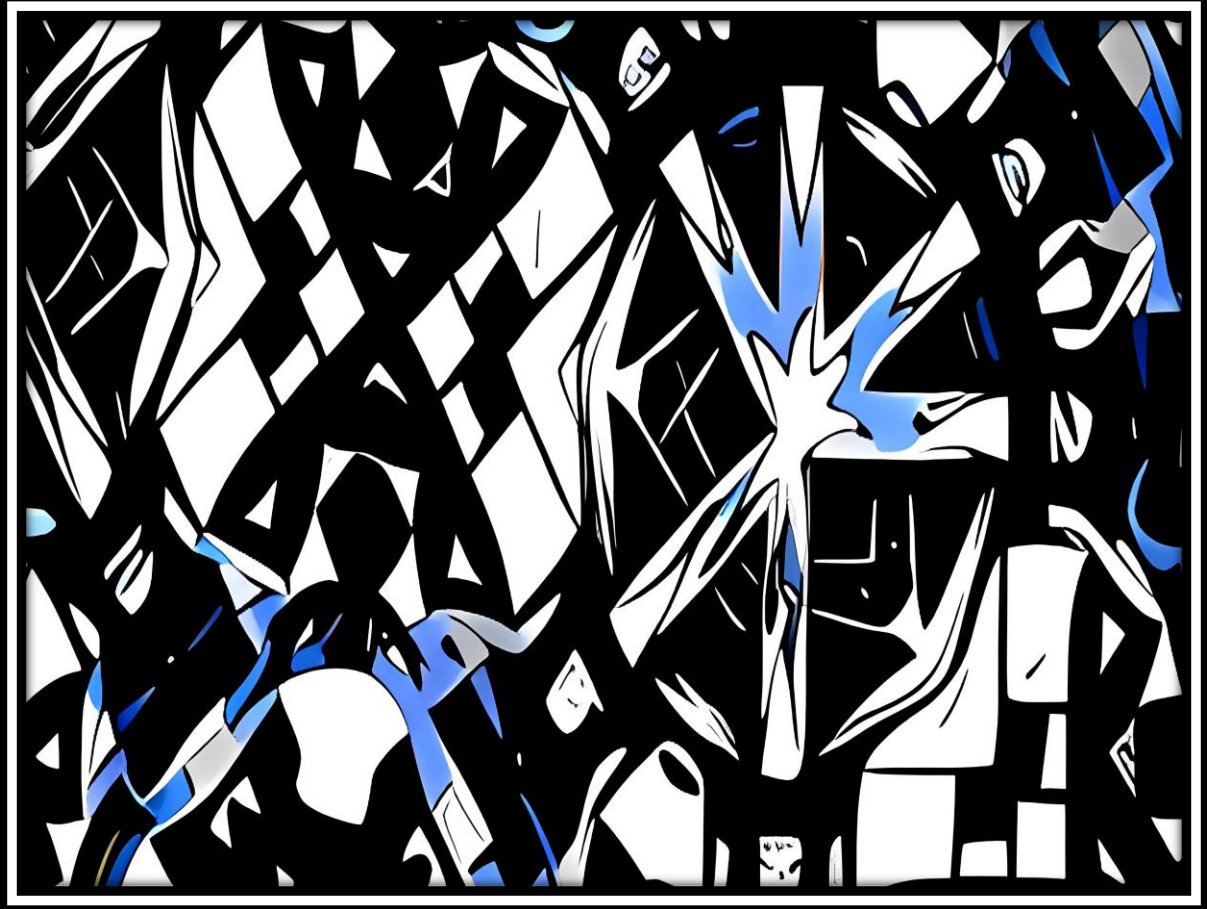


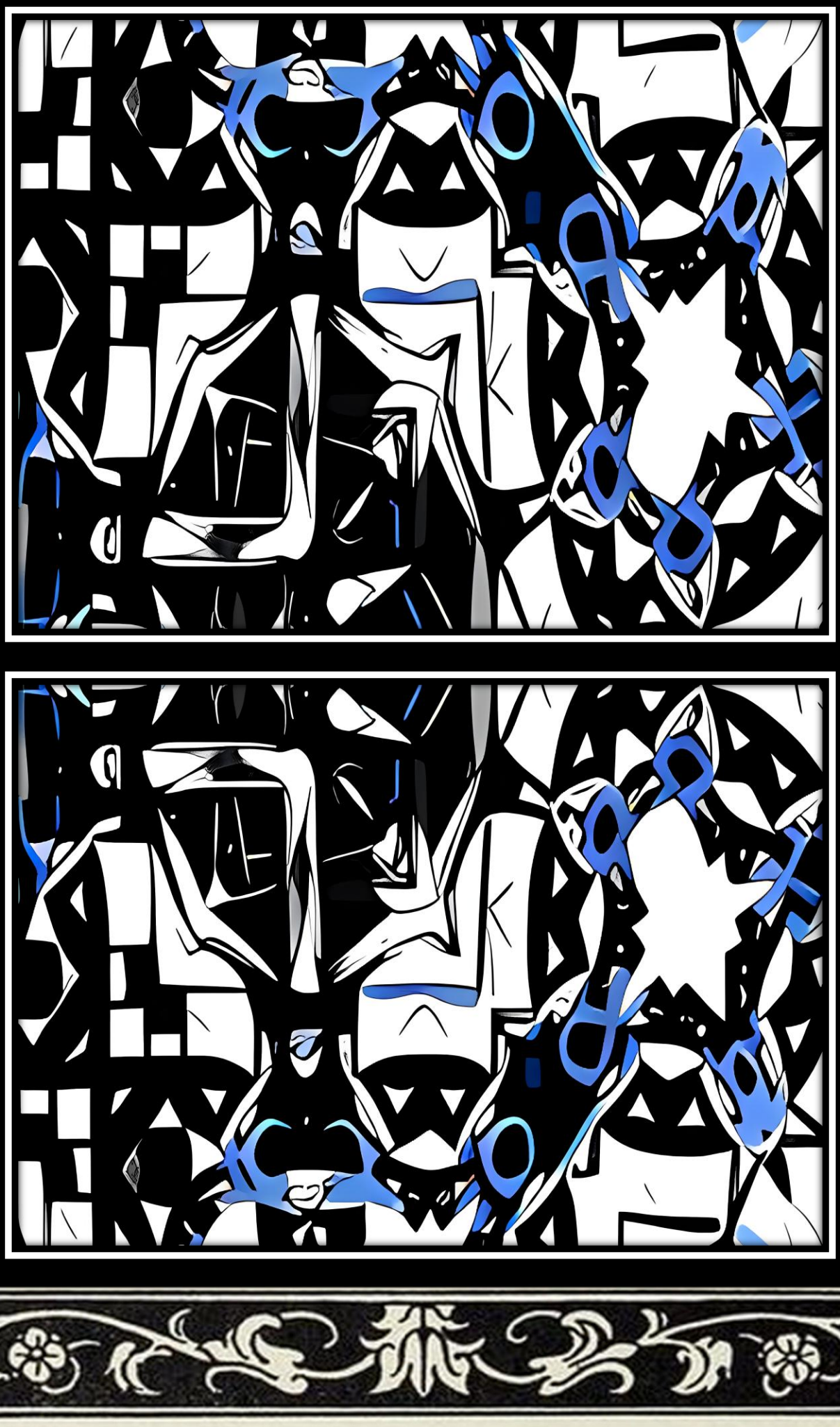


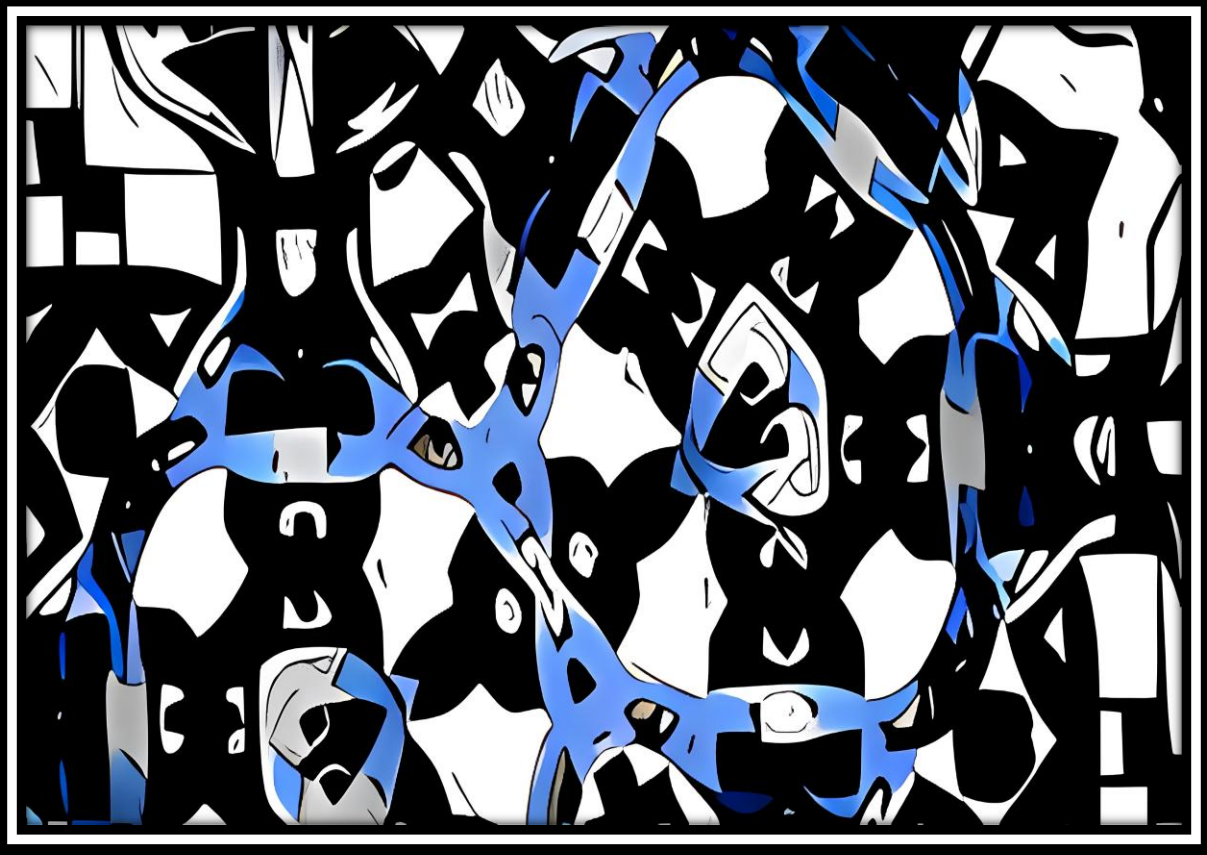


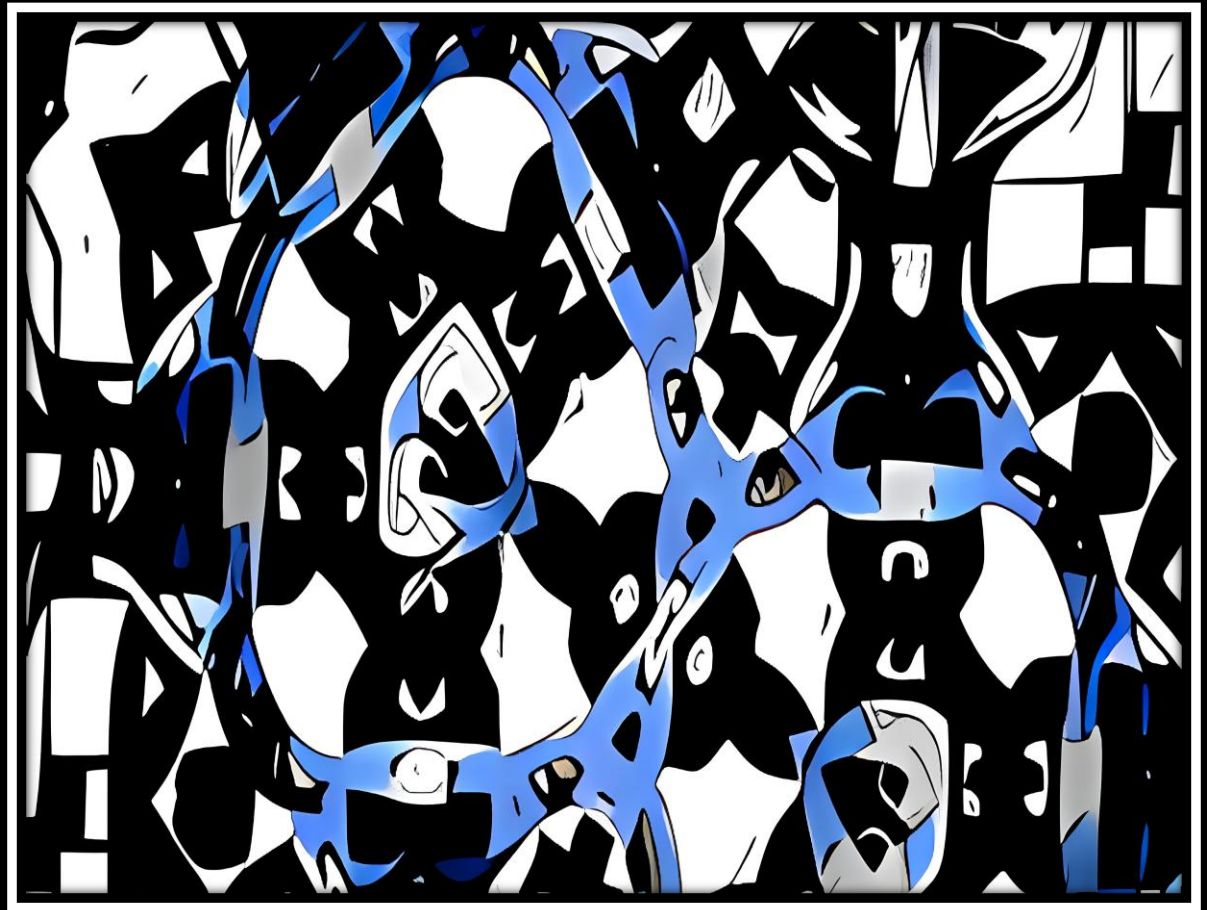


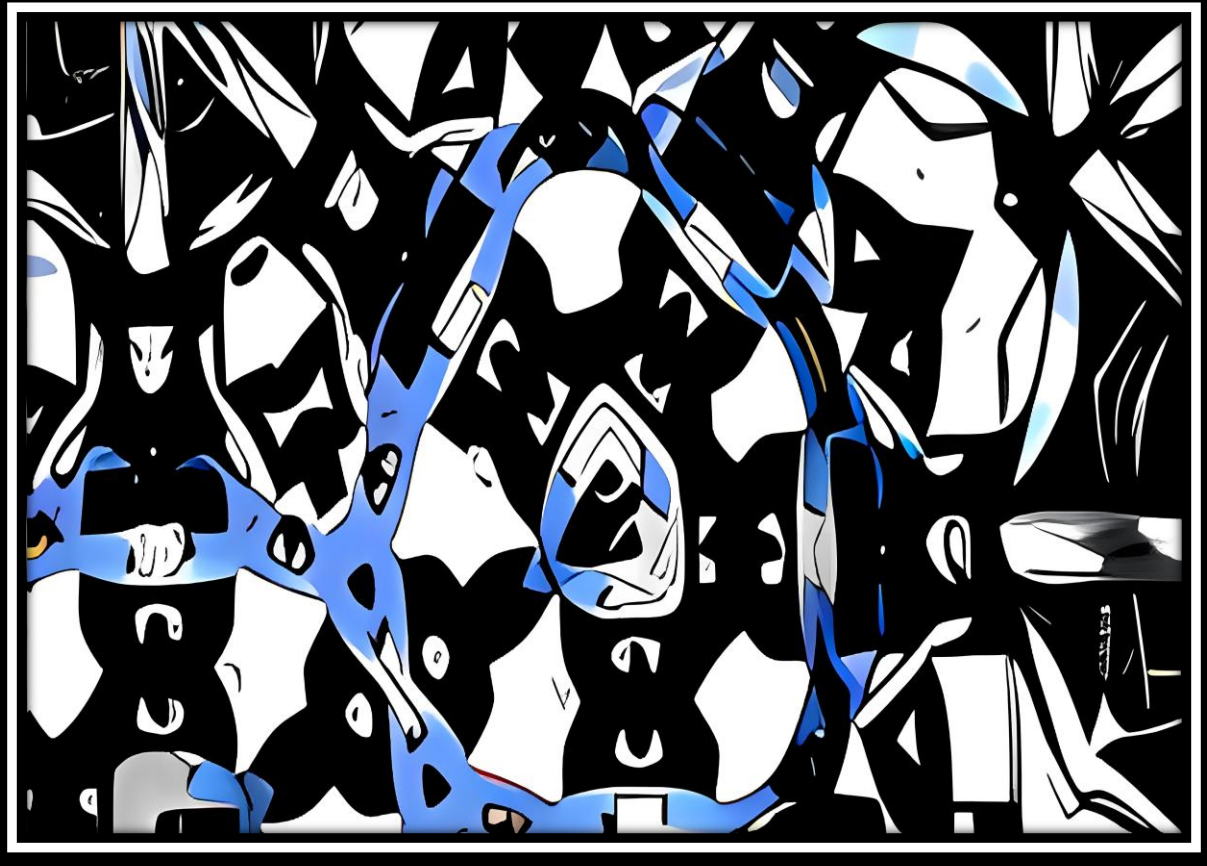


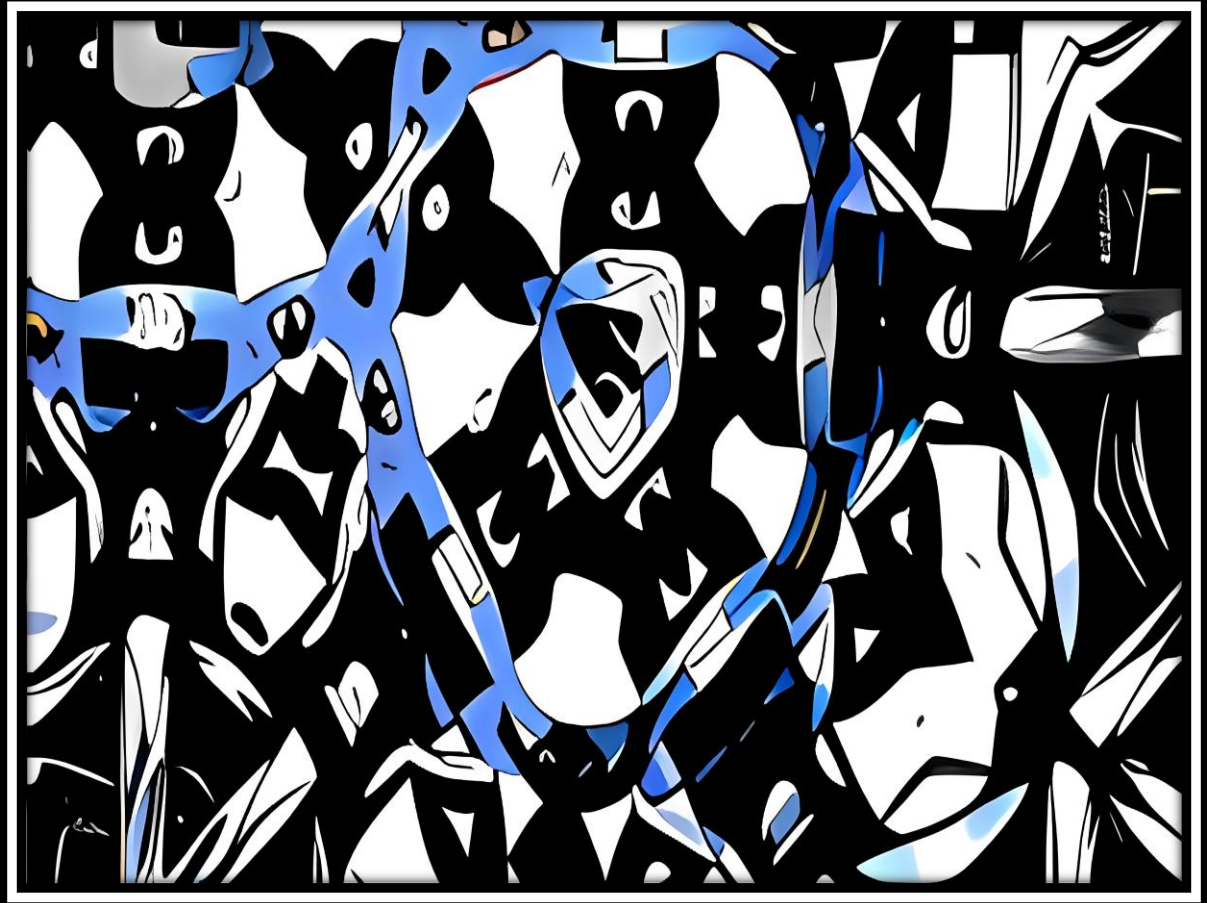


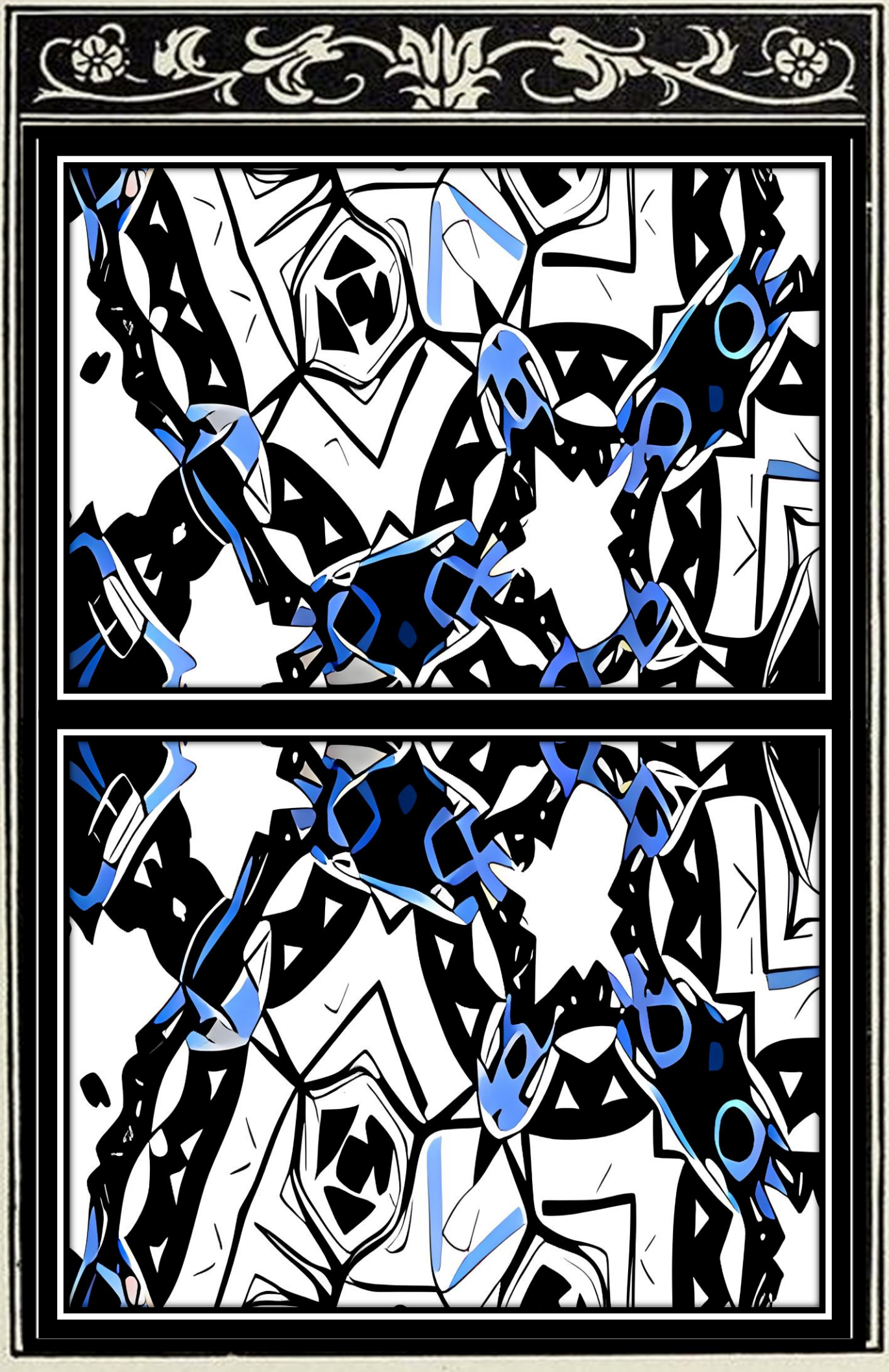


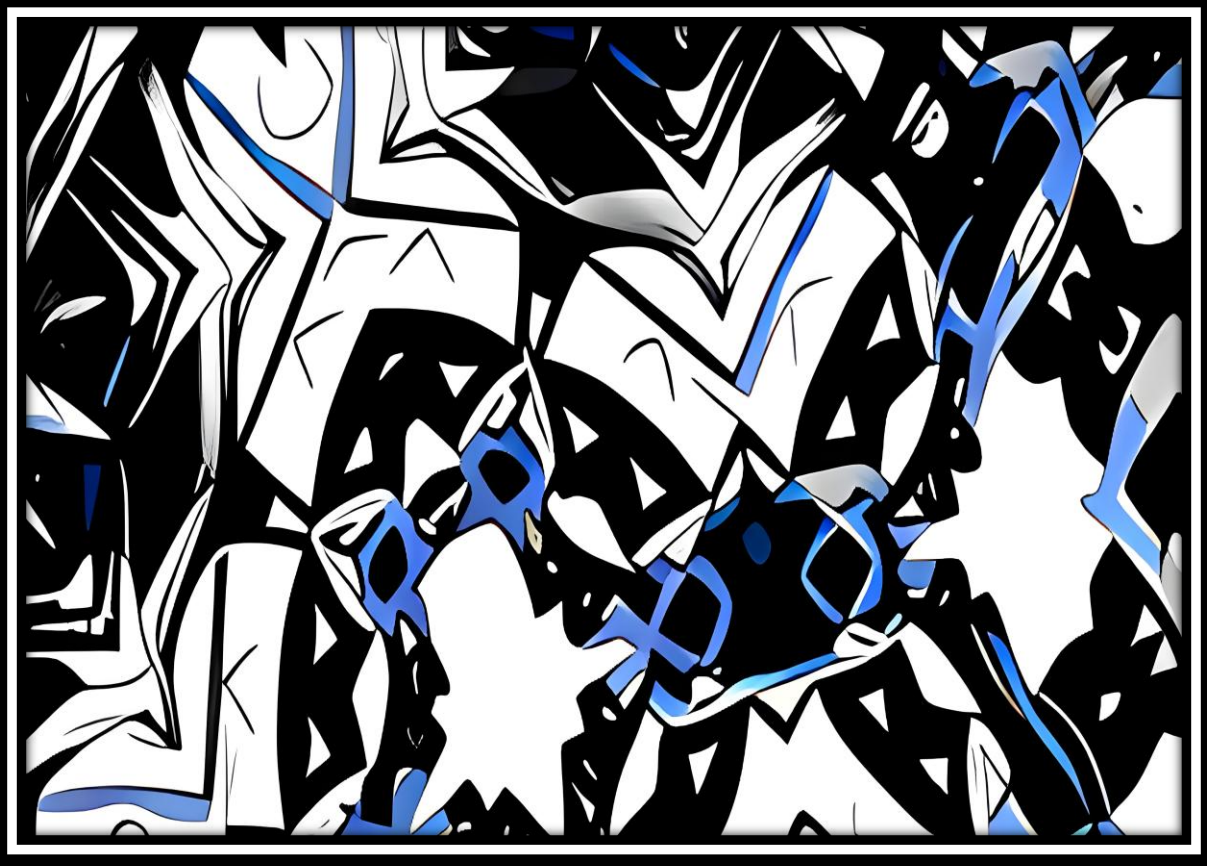


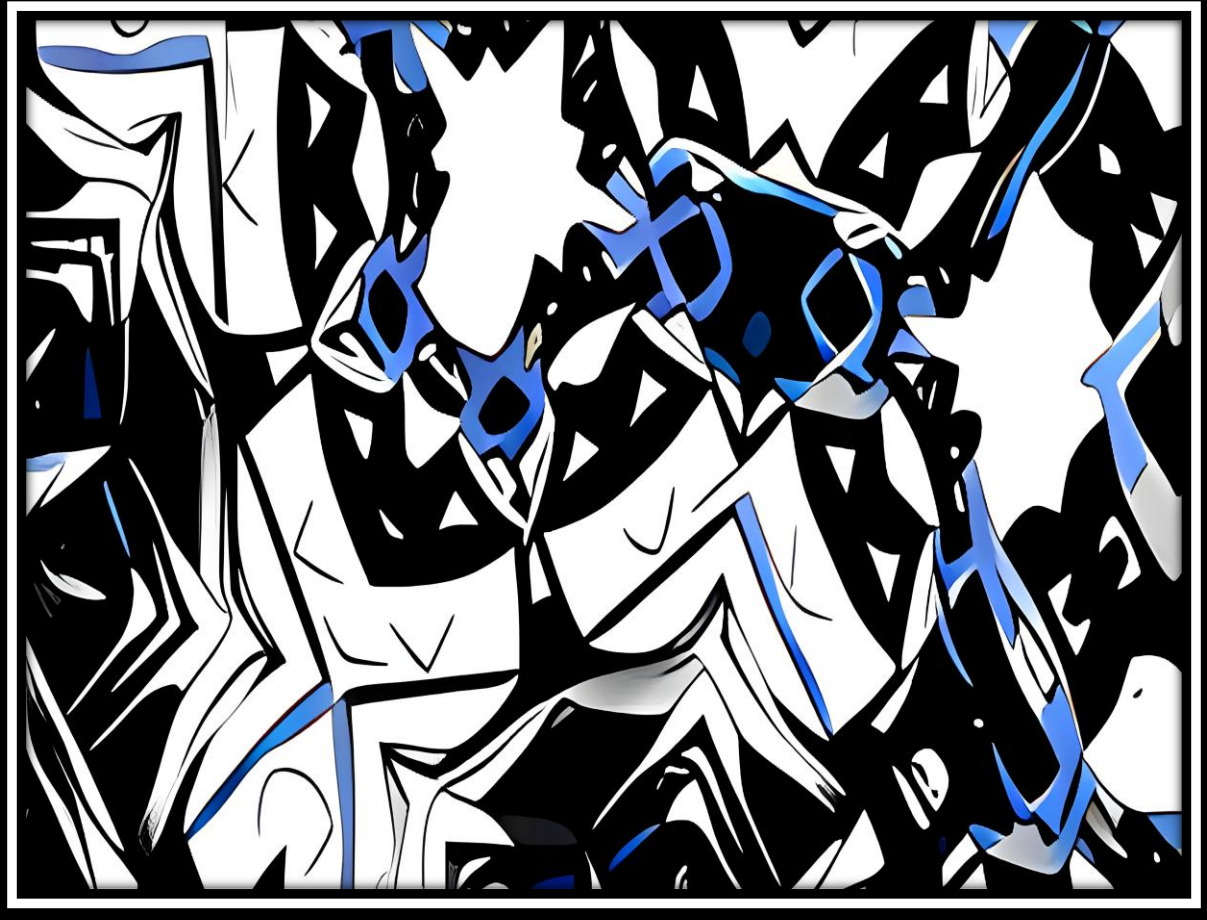


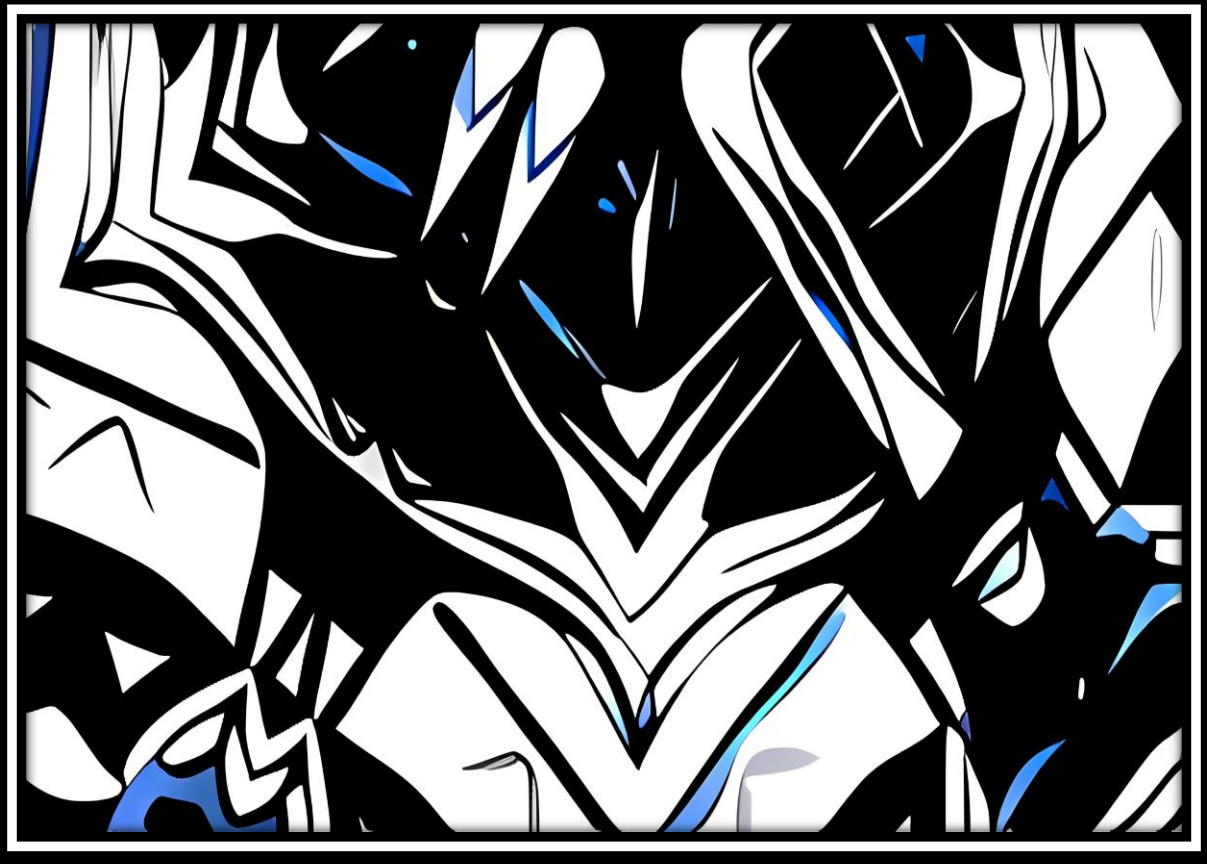


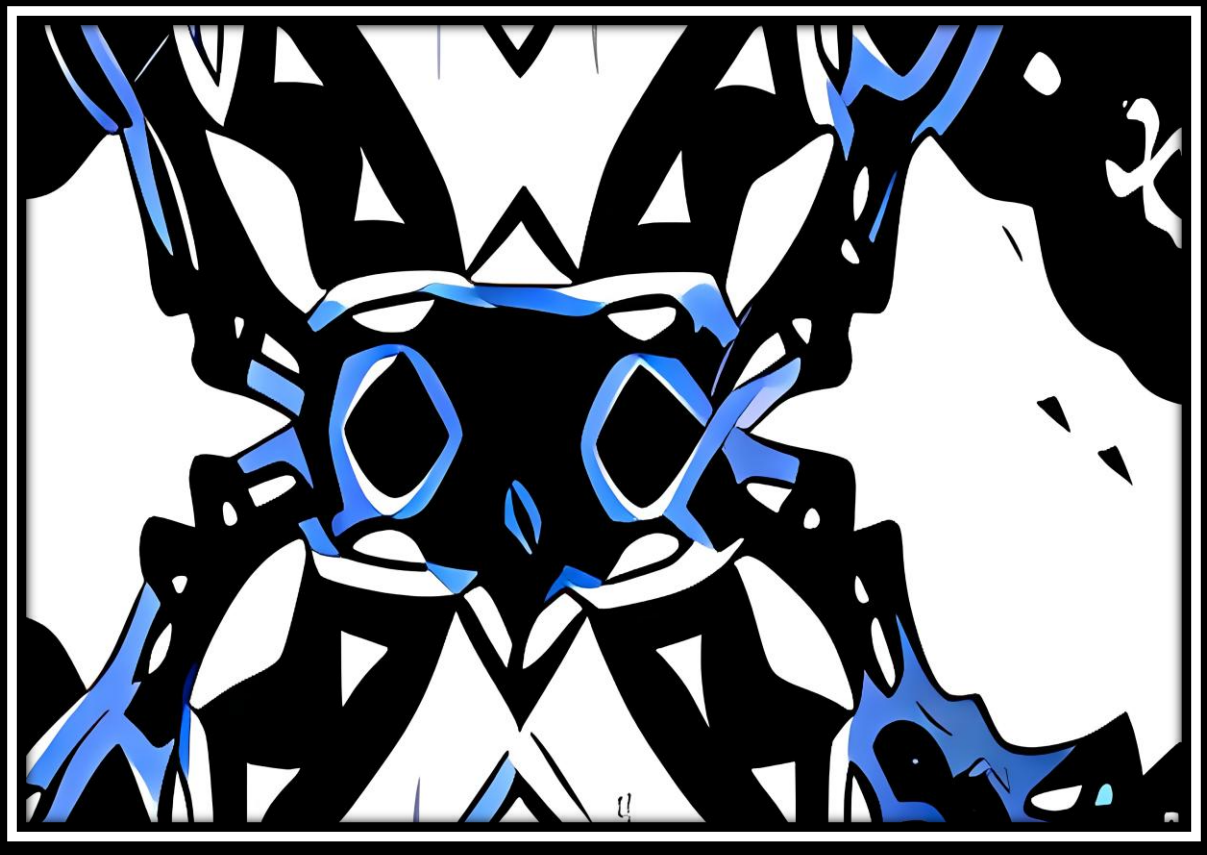


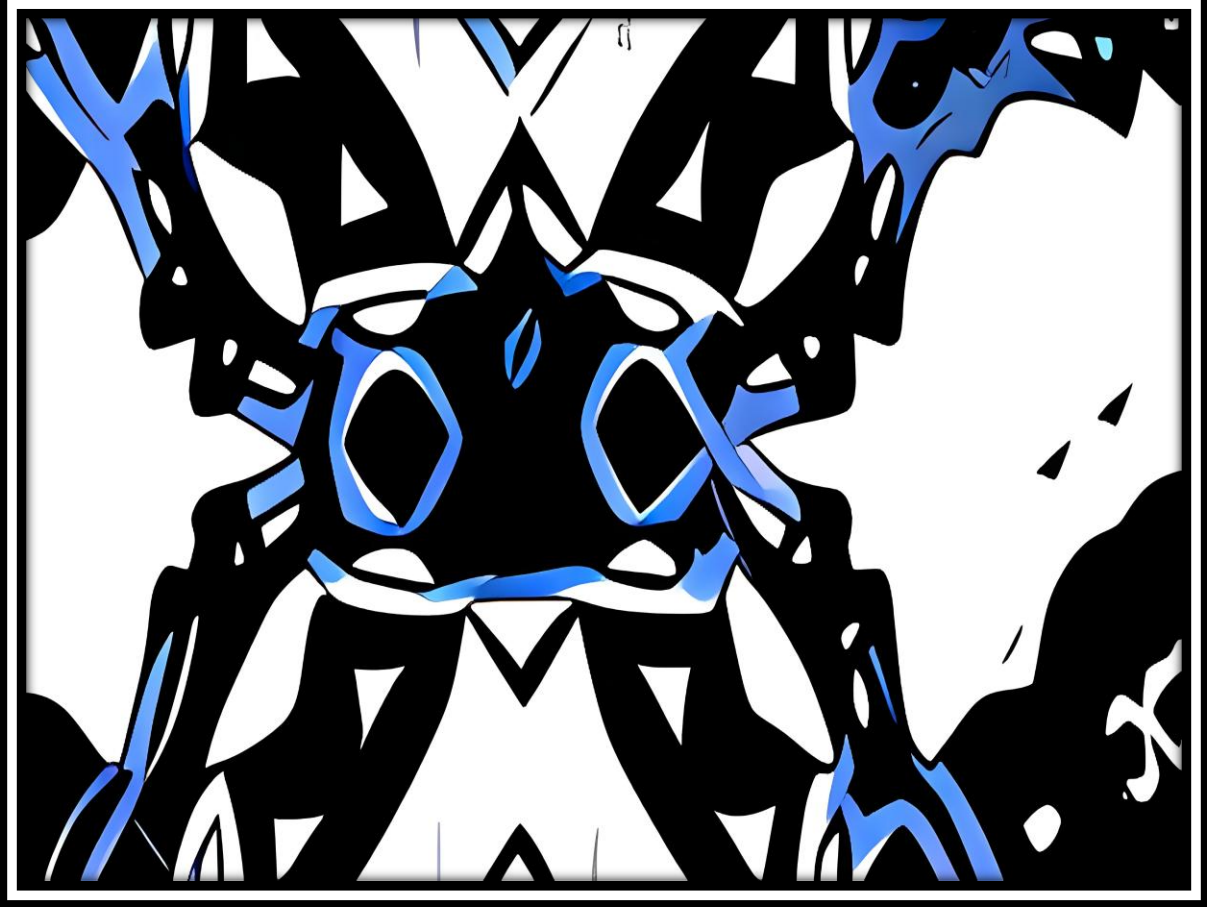


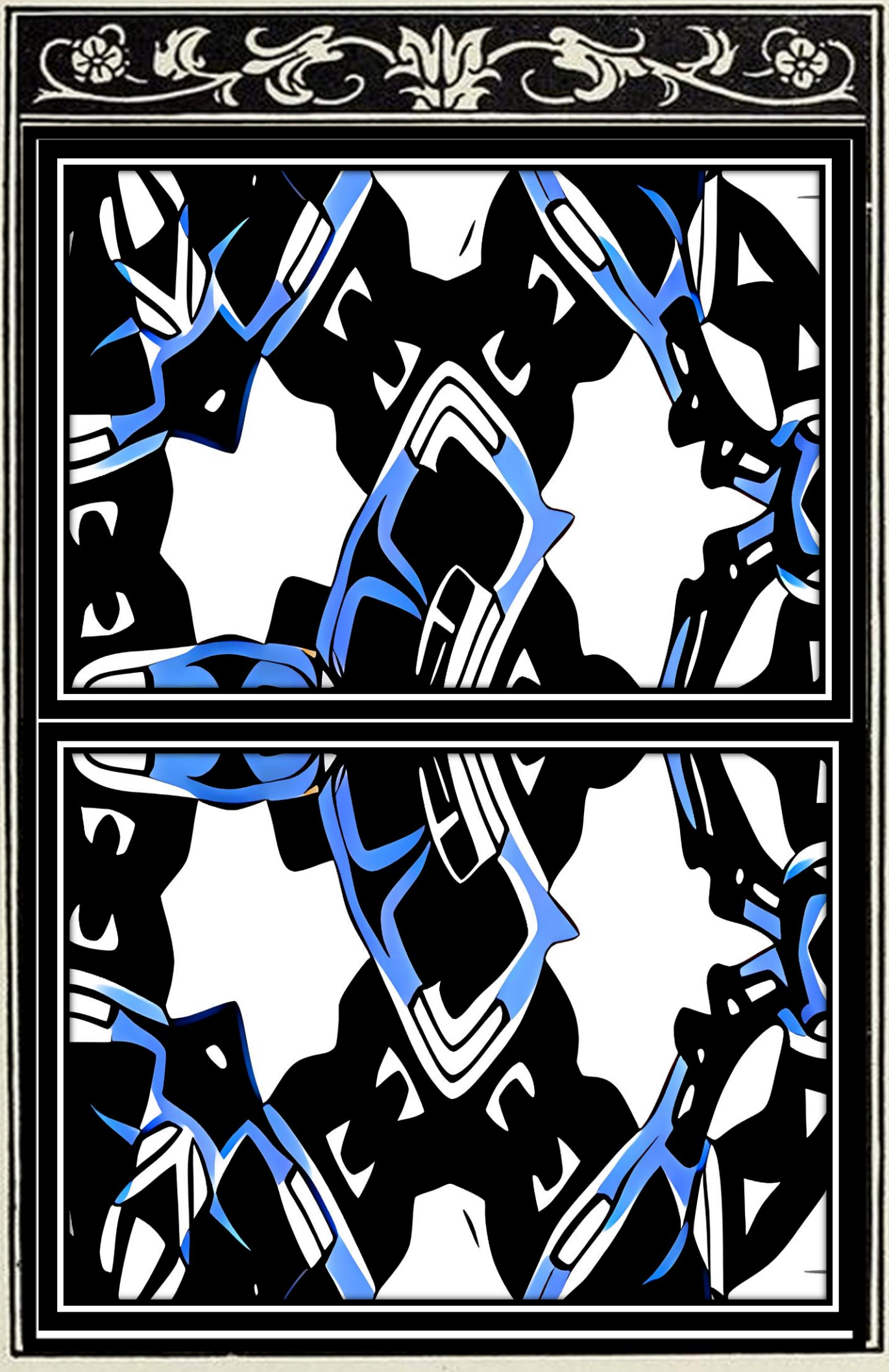


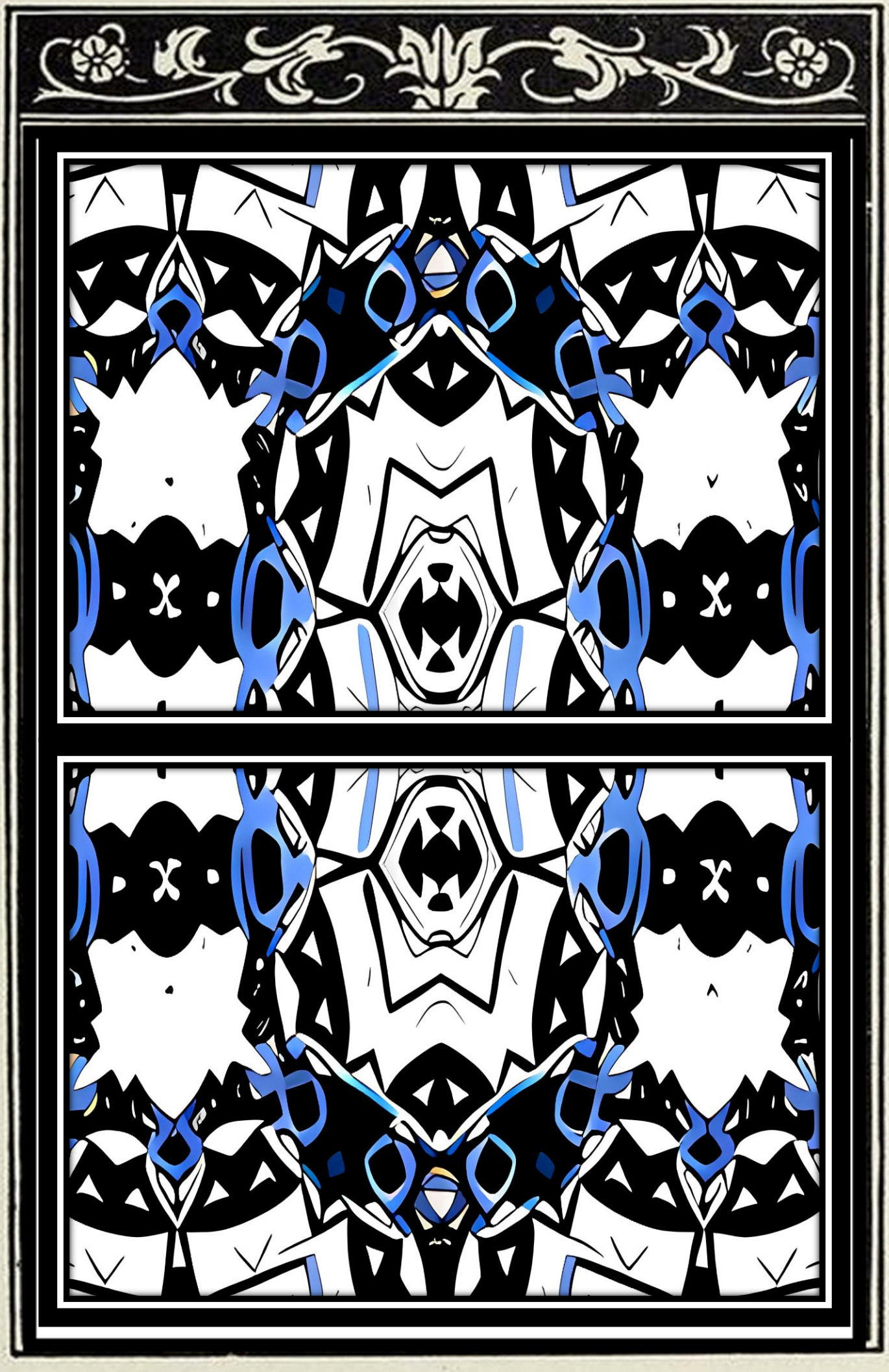


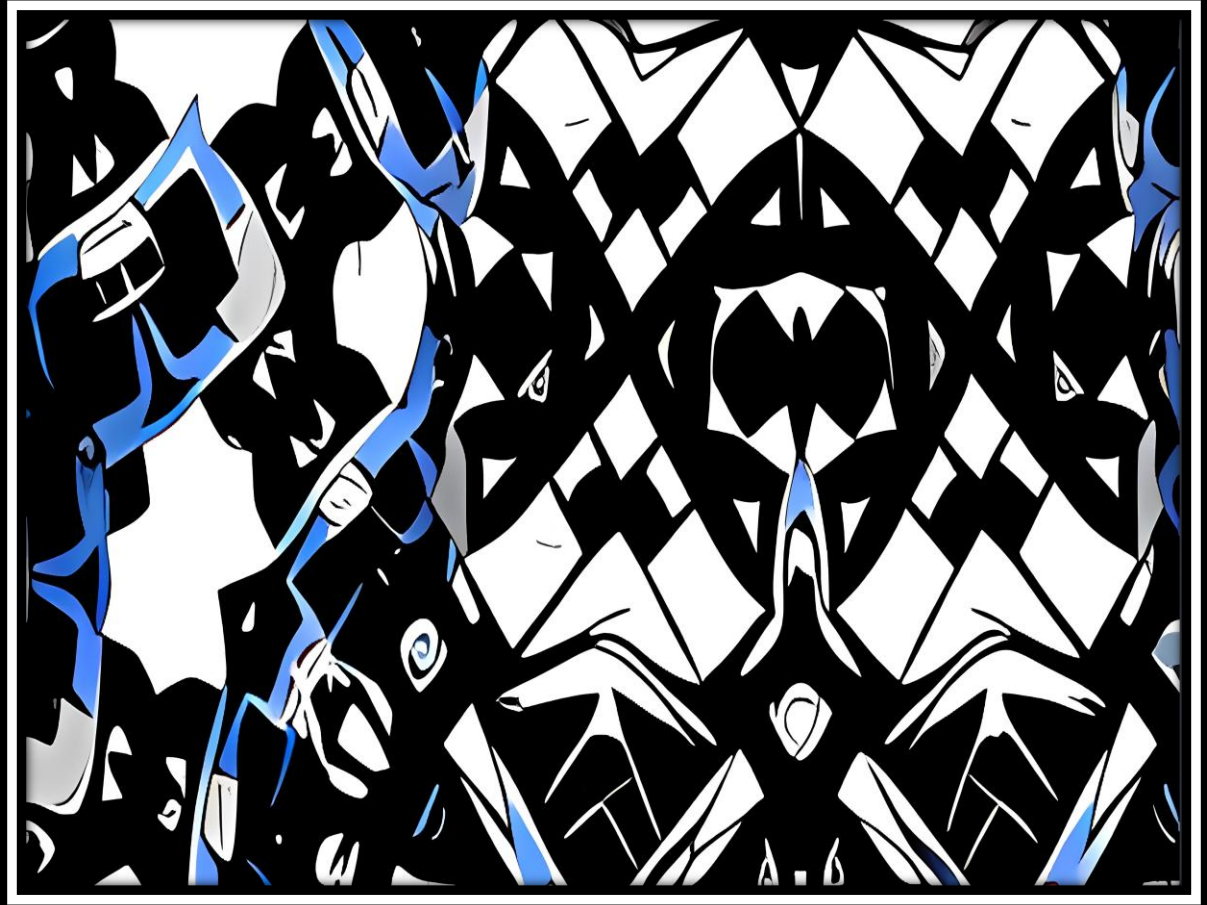


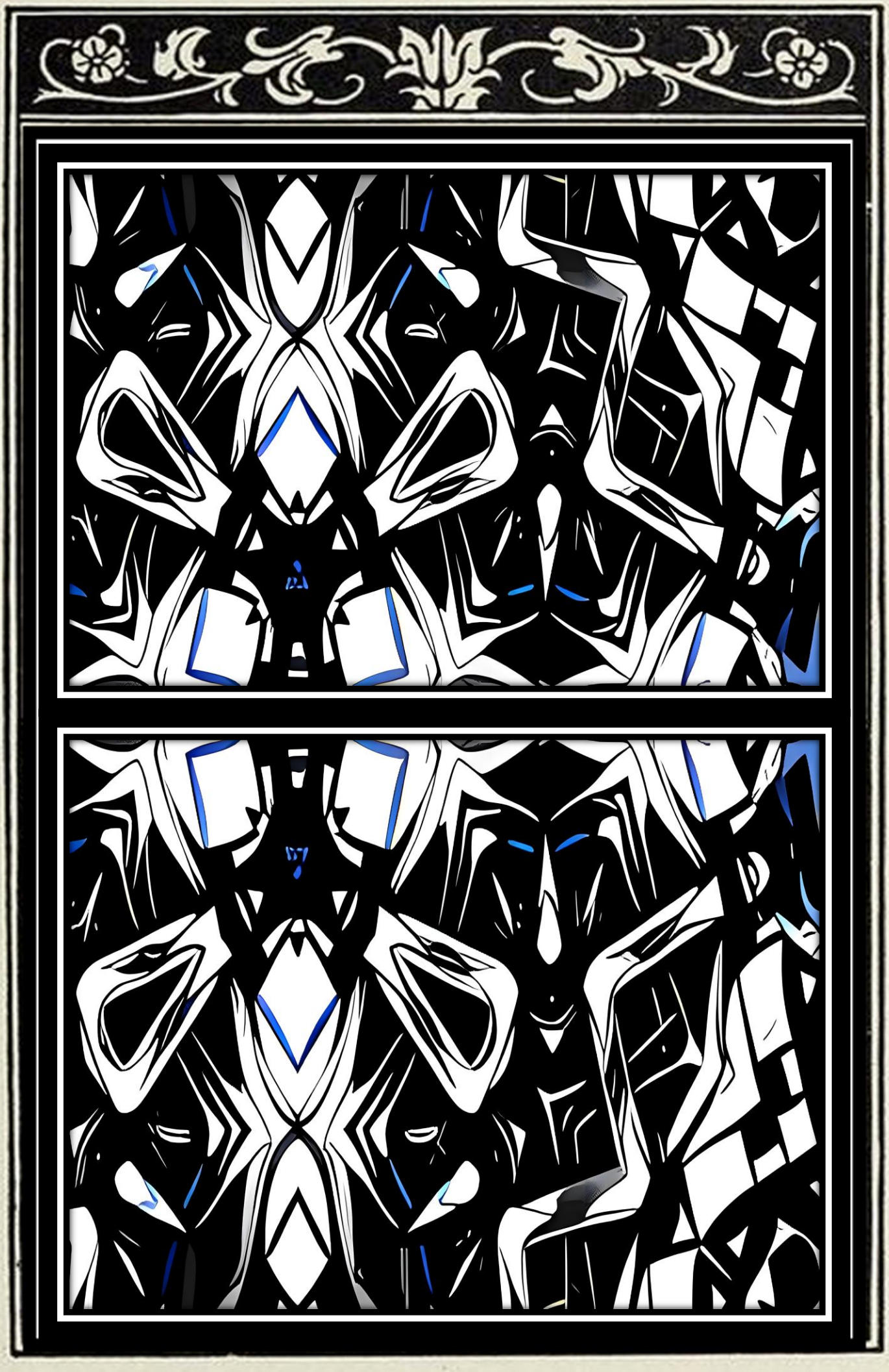


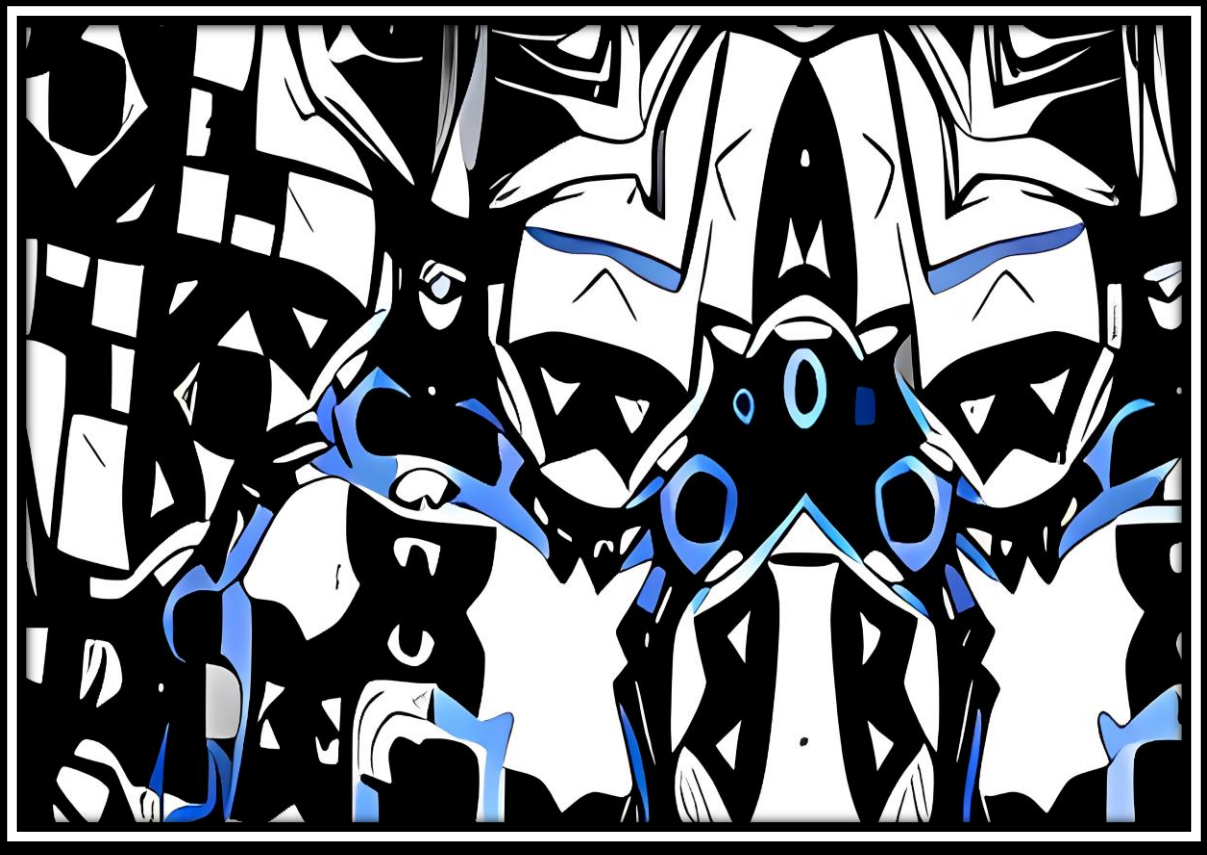


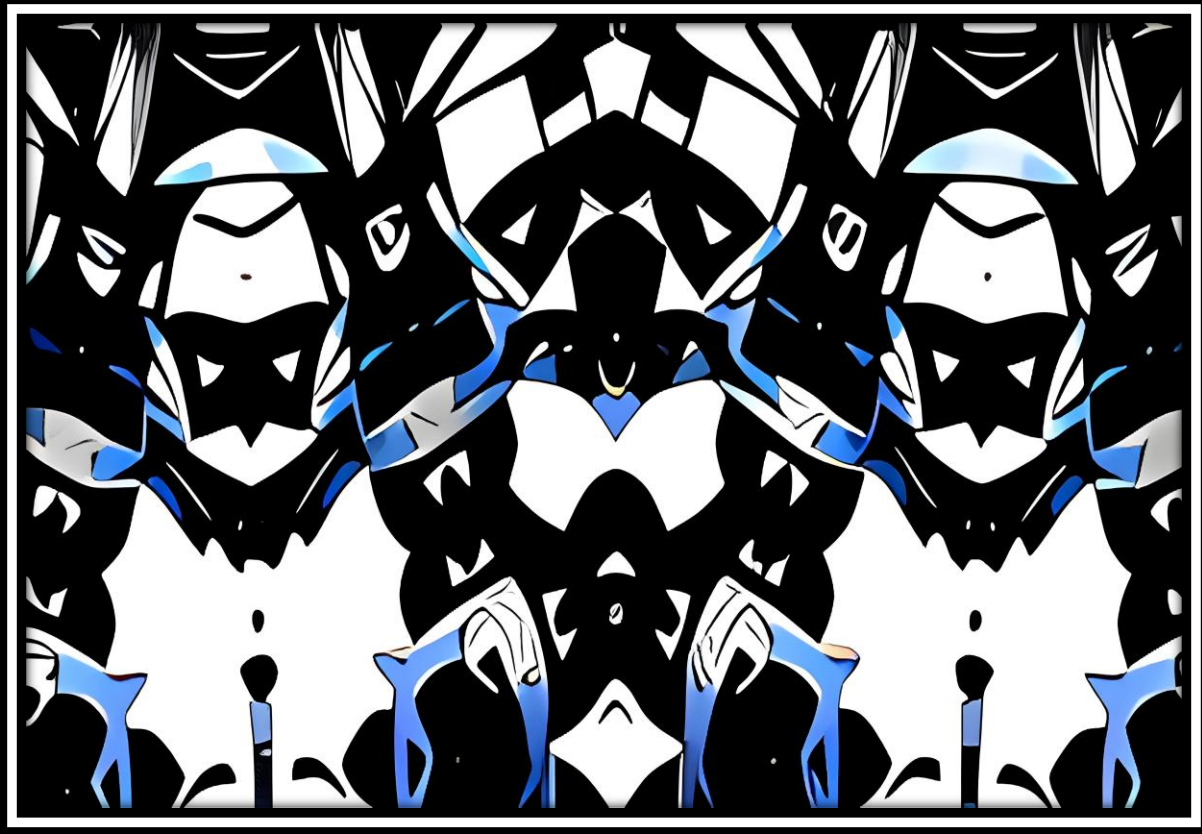


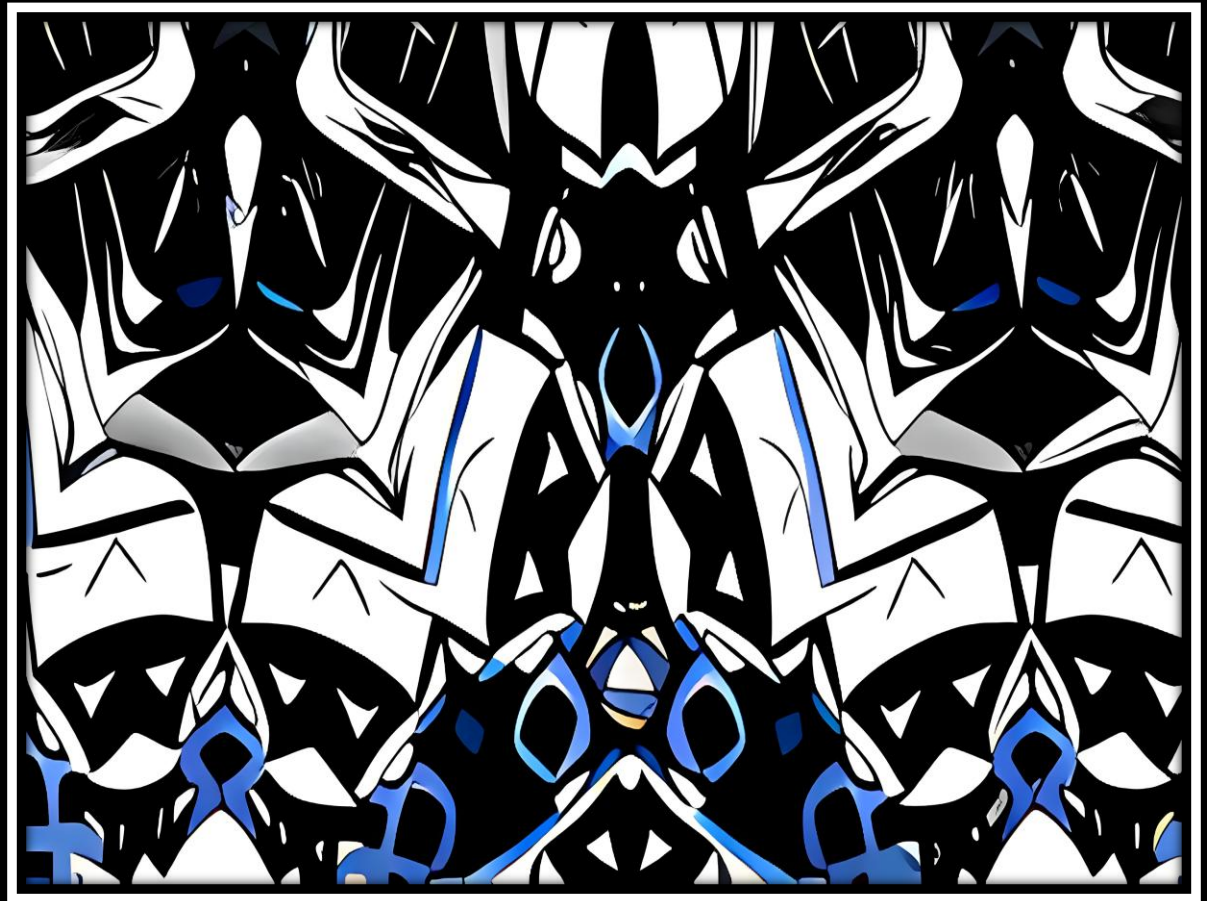


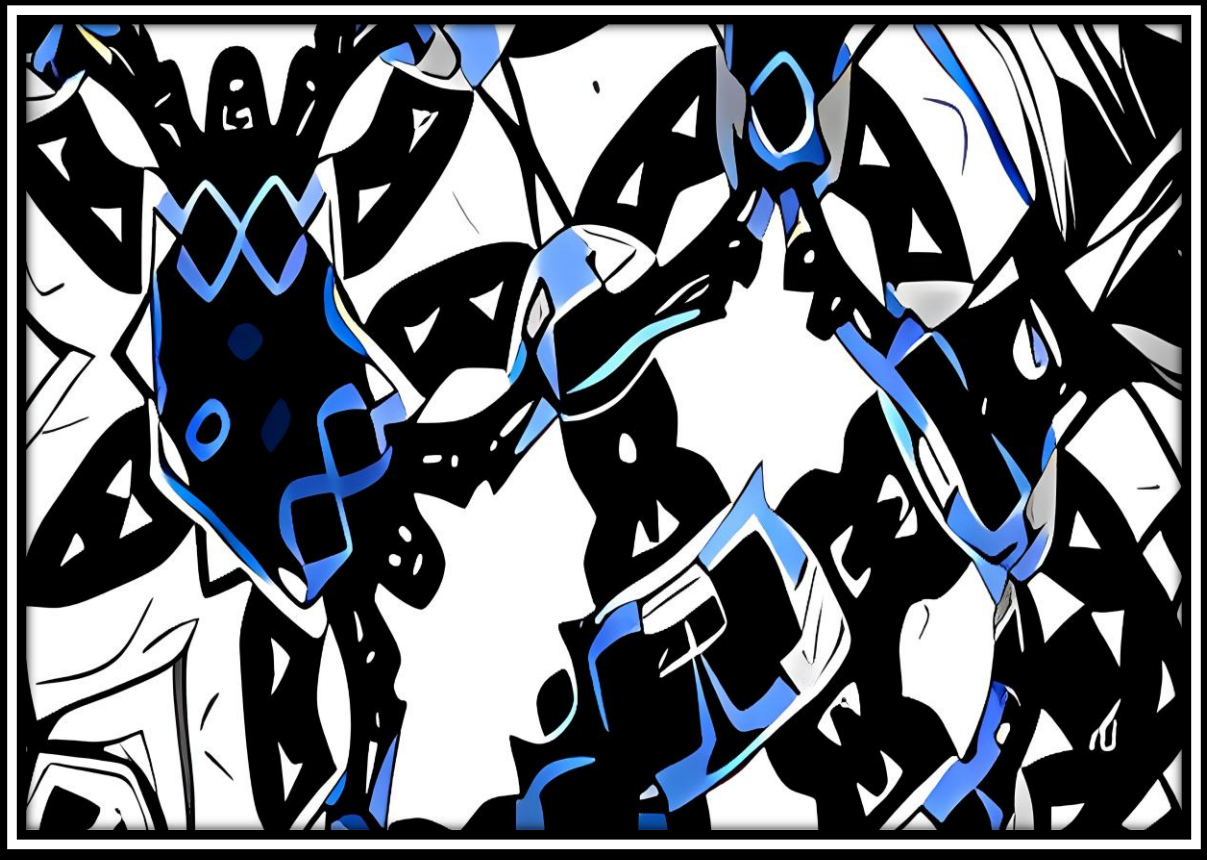


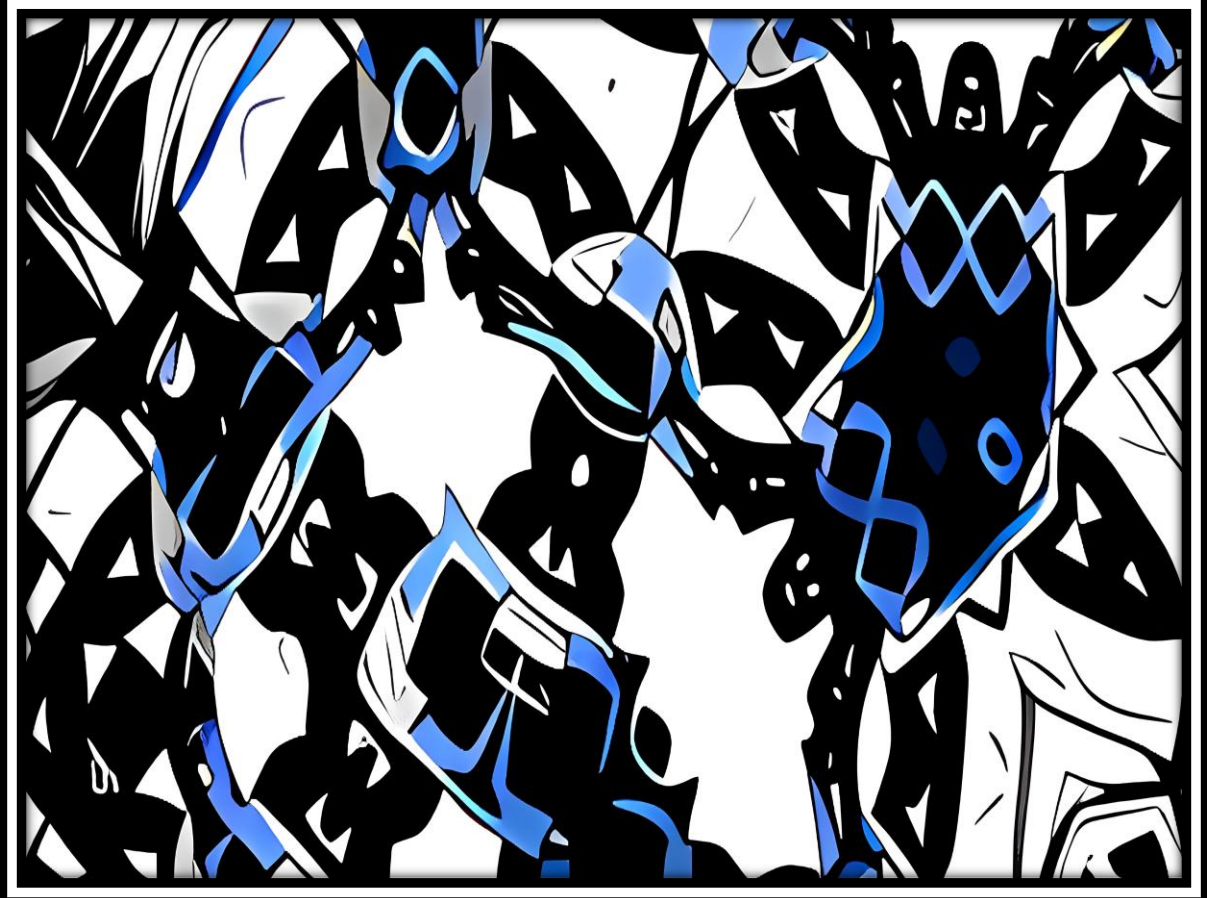


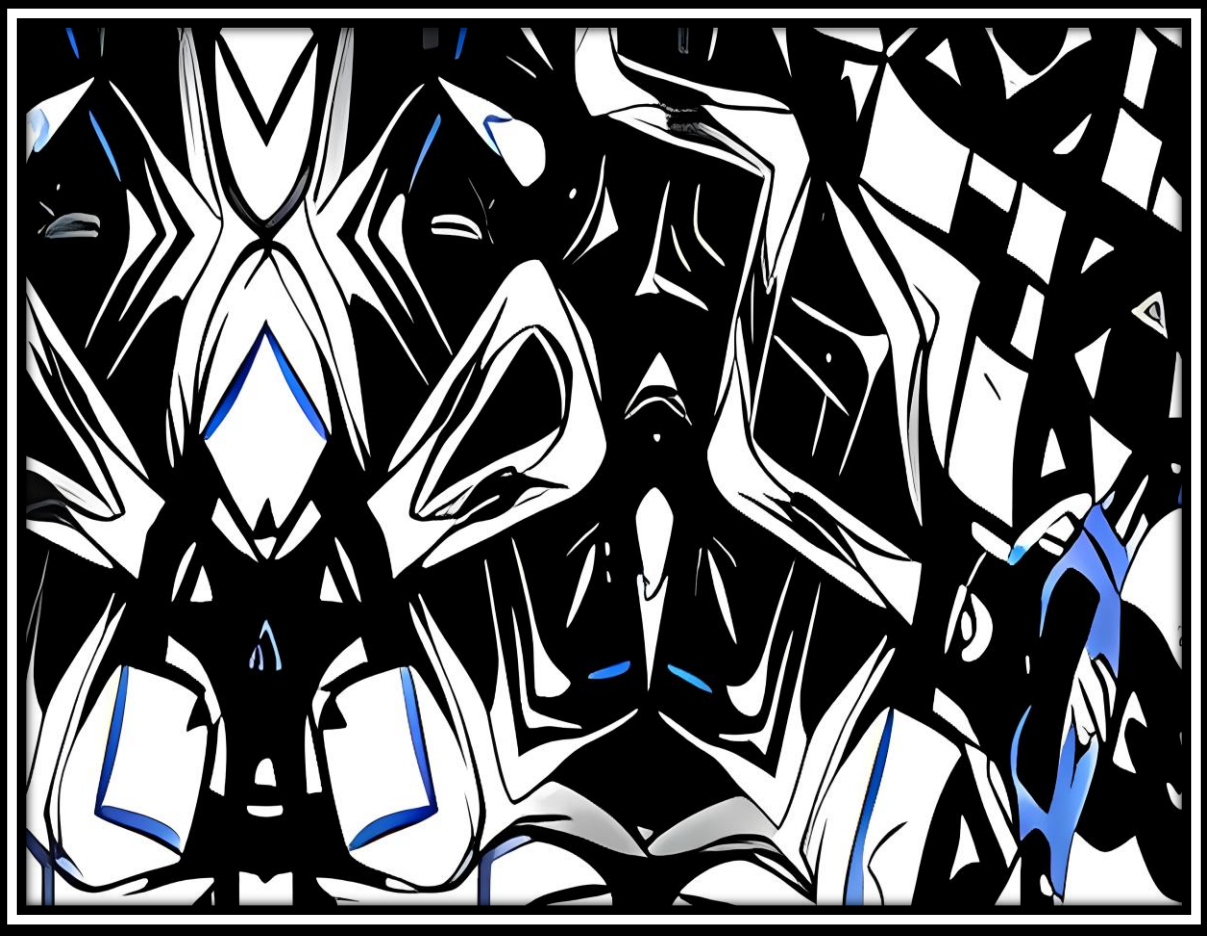


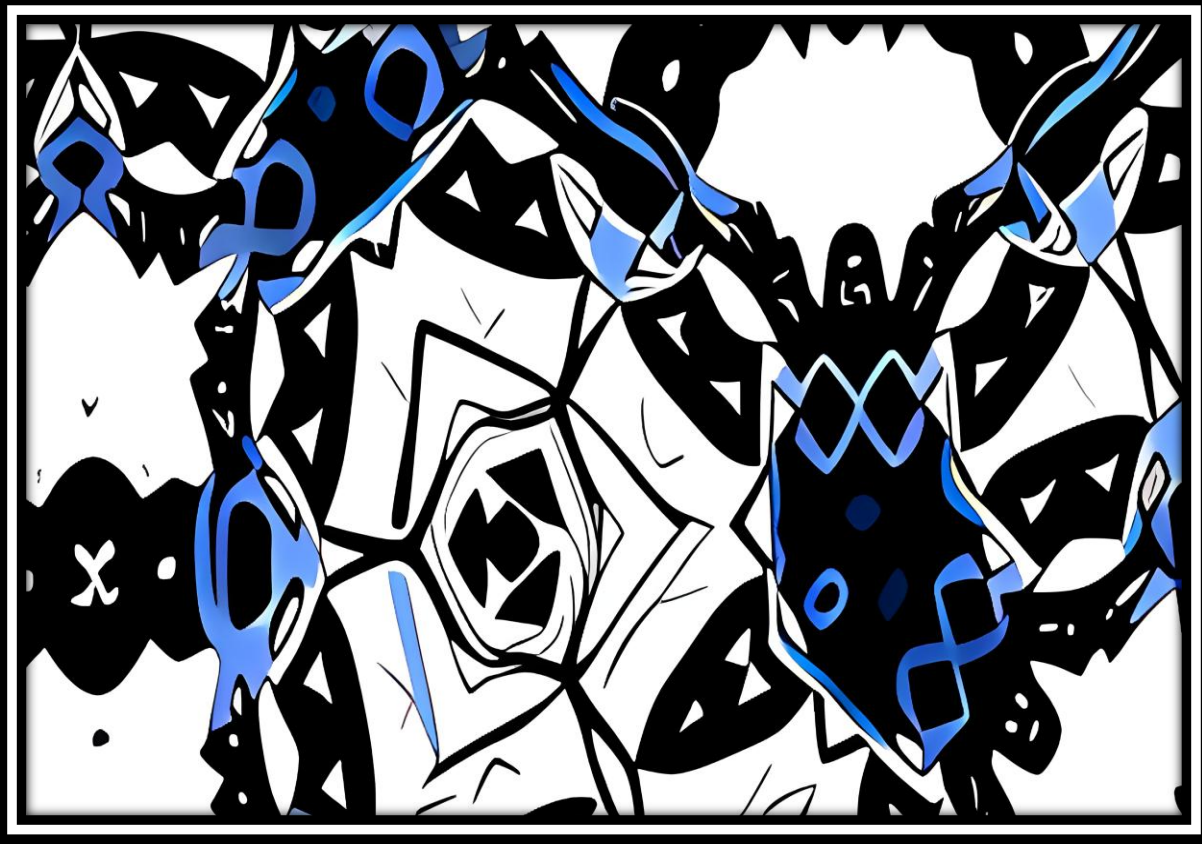


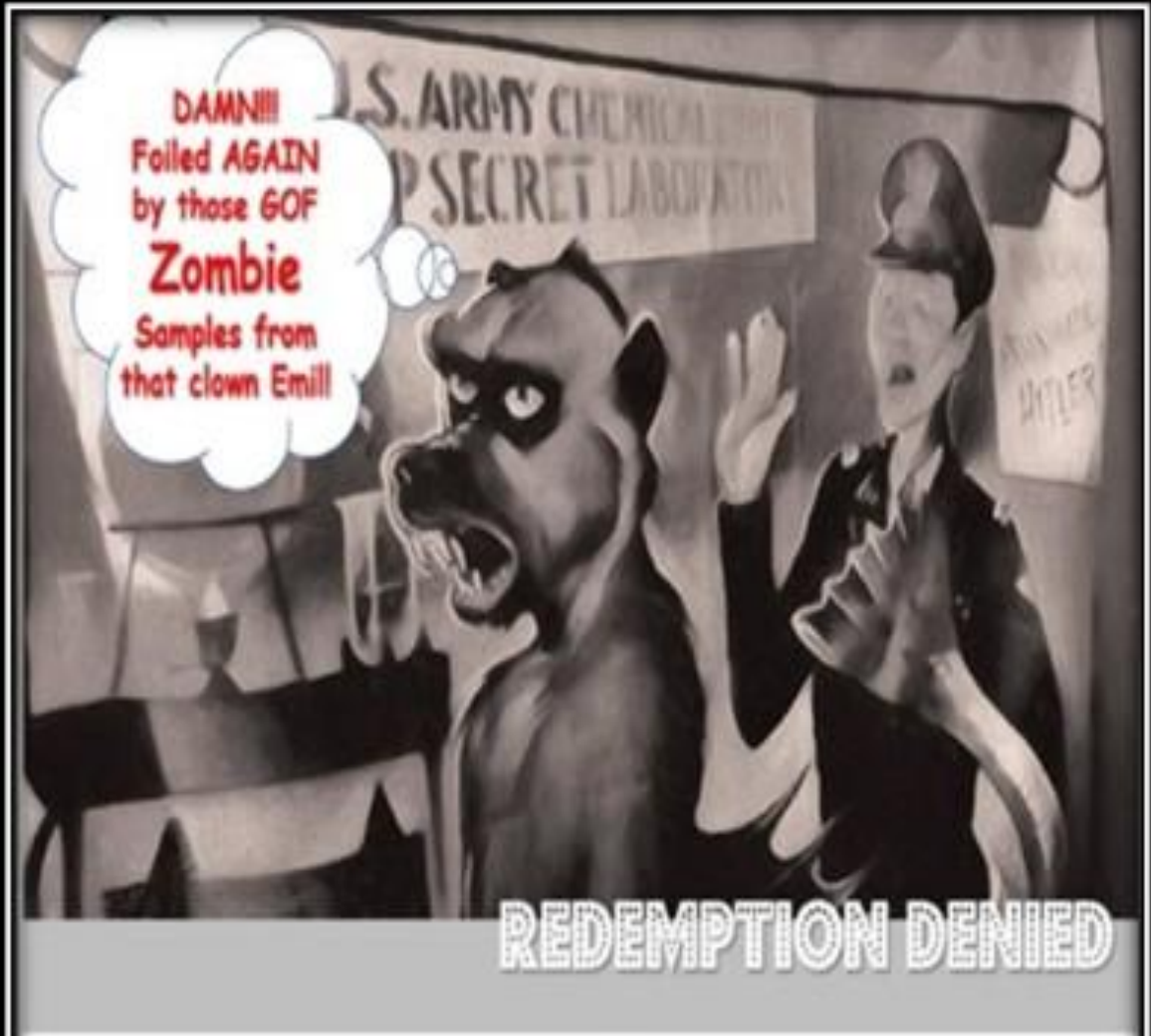












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